

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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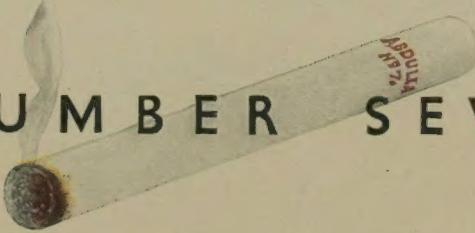
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The purr of wheels as the hors d'œuvres glide by . . . and the discreet squeak of a cork yielding its treasure of fine wine. The bubbling of soft laughter from a distant table . . . and the echoing tinkle from the crystal drops of the candelabrum. Two half-remembered bars of magic from the ballet's *pas de deux* . . . the blessed knowledge that there's no further need to hurry on . . . And for perfection, one thing more—

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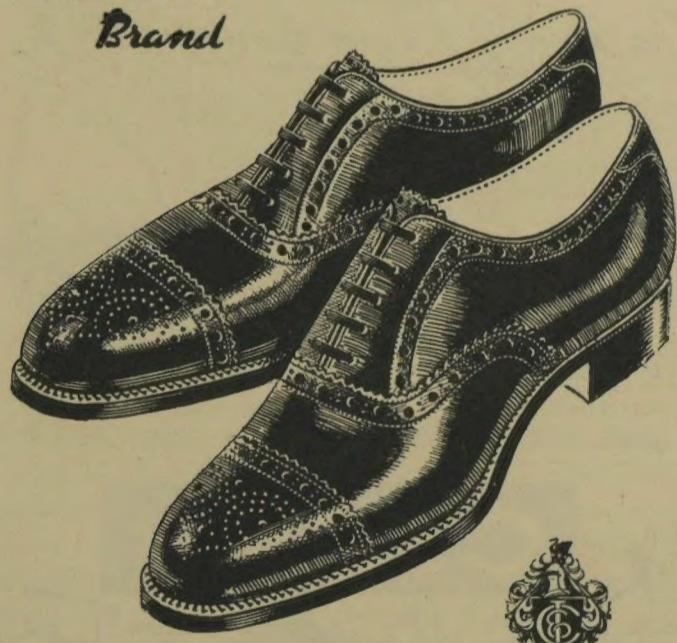
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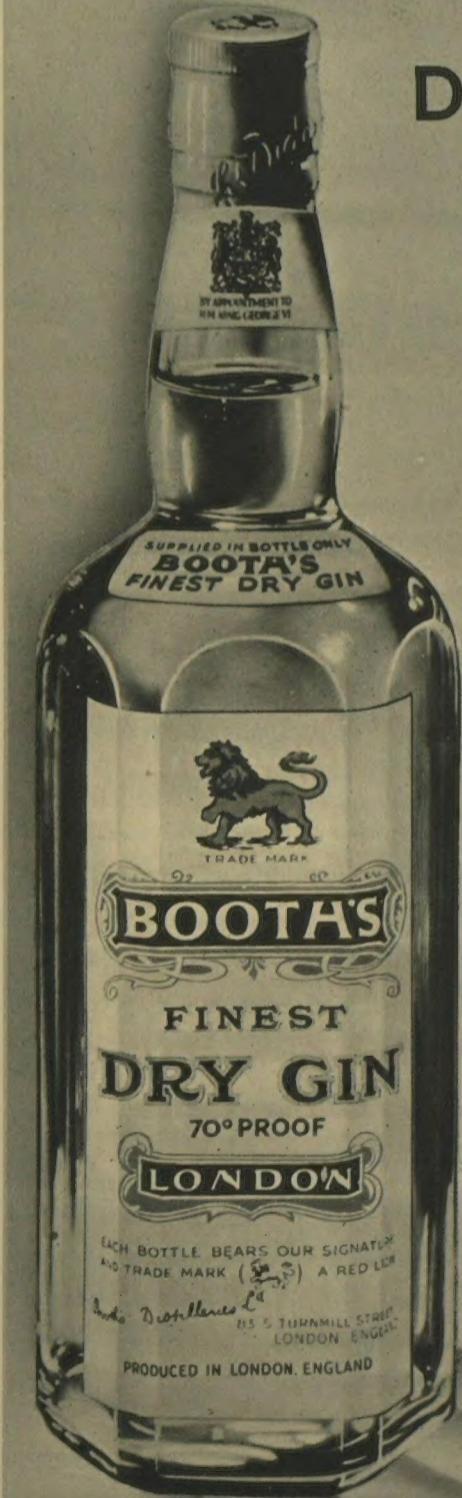
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For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., Northampton, ask for **swan** brand



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BOOTA'S DRY GIN



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Superior!

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



We've solved some problems in our time!

In 1942, peak period of Hitler's submarine campaign, came a request for batteries to operate wireless transmitters in the ships' boats of the Merchant Navy. Batteries that could be relied upon to give immediate service when needed, even if they had been standing by unused for as long as two years.

¶ That was a problem. No such battery existed. Normally a filled battery progressively loses its power when idle and needs periodic recharging; an unfilled battery needs a lengthy first charge before it can be used.

¶ Our answer was to produce the Exide self-priming battery. Its plates were dry charged and sealed in a compartment separated by a thin diaphragm from another compartment containing acid. When the diaphragm was pierced with a punch attached to the battery, the acid ran on to the plates, and within a few minutes the battery was working at full strength—even after 2 years or more of inactivity.

¶ Thousands of these batteries were supplied; and many a seaman owed his life to them.

¶ We have been solving battery problems for over 50 years. Wherever batteries are used today you will find Chloride, Exide and Exide-Ironclad batteries giving good service in jobs for which they were specifically designed at a user's request. Our battery research and development organisation, the largest and best equipped in this country is now, as ever, at industry's service—ready at any time to tackle another problem.

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Makers of Exide Batteries

EXIDE WORKS · CLIFTON JUNCTION · NEAR MANCHESTER

P.13M

"South African Sherry for me every time

So I've converted you, too, then?

You certainly have! Do you remember you told me to look specially for the fine South African sherries. Since then I've found some which are exactly to my taste.

And don't you find them easy on the pocket, too? That means something these days!

Yes, how is it they can send us such remarkably good wines at such a reasonable price!

Well, there are two reasons: that amazing climate of theirs at the Cape, and then the Preferential Duty.

No wonder South African Sherry is becoming so popular, then.

It deserves to be. Do you know they've been making wine in South Africa for nearly 300 years. With all that experience behind them and the splendid organization they have now built up, they're able to produce the very highest quality. Their really fine wines are matured for many years before they're shipped to this country.

I suppose we can now say, then, that South Africa is one of the leading wine producing countries?

Well, wouldn't you say it was, from the taste of this sherry? Let me fill your glass!"



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The sign of a good lawnmower

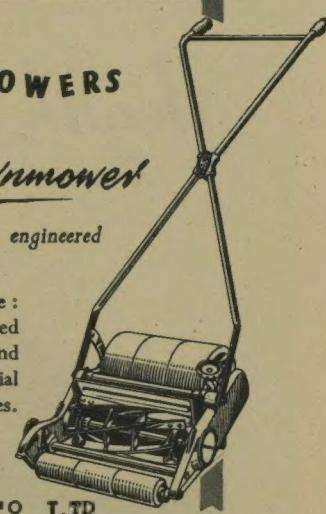
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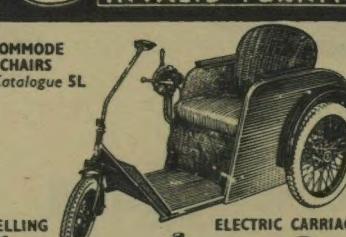
Carters INVALID FURNITURE



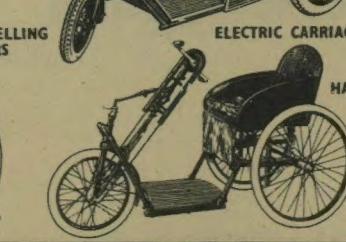
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Phone: Langham 1049.

‘Instinct is a woman’s reason...’



‘That sounds profound, Jim’

‘But true! Women pick a car by instinct—follow a hunch about its colour or remember an aunt who had one. If I were to start to tell you about front suspension by torsion bars and wishbone links, or automatic chassis lubrication or ...’

‘Really Jim, you’re an encyclopaedia on cars, but as for feminine psychology—well! Now I’m an average woman...’ ‘Nonsense, my dear!’ ‘Don’t be gallant.

I know what I want—a car that’s simple to drive, neither draughty nor stuffy inside; and then I’d like...’ ‘Speaking of the Lanchester Fourteen...’

‘Why, Jim, how clever of you! You’ve read my mind again. Tell me more * about it...’

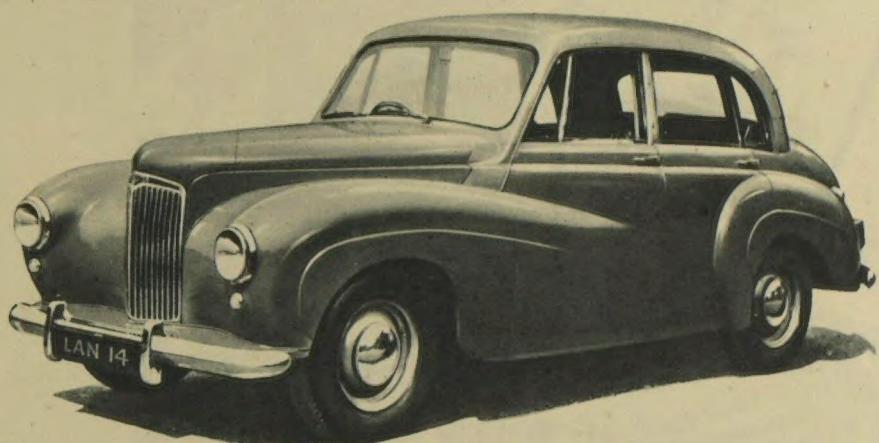


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* We’d like to tell you more, too—about fluid transmission (licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents) with pre-selective gear box; the fresh air conditioning and heating; the automatic chassis lubrication... For the full story, write to: BUREAU ‘G’, THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD. COVENTRY



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PRECISION

To one of the TI Companies precision can mean making a tube which will fit inside another tube rather finer than a hair. A useful kind of accomplishment in an organisation which, in Britain, operates factories mostly concerned with light engineering. Bicycles and cycle components — electrical appliances — pressure vessels — precision steel tubes — metal sections — aluminium sheet, strip, extrusions — all call for a high degree of accuracy, and TI makes them all.



T.I.’s FORTY-NINE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD

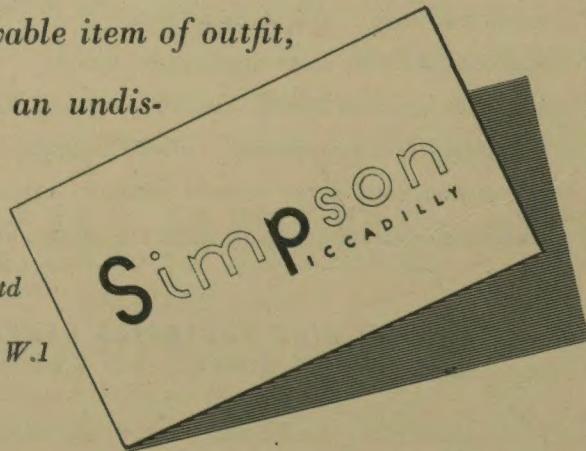
TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED
The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 Trafalgar 5633 

Picture by courtesy of *The New Yorker*

One reason they call justice rough, young man, is that a leading lady can look anyhow and still stay at a premium • While one shoelace undone will have you written off as a dangerous Bohemian • This is a friendly (faintly tinged with commercialism) warning • That a chap's turnout should be even more perfect at eve than in the morning • And that at Simpson's in addition to the sublime Daks Jackets, Dinner • He will find suits for all business or leisure occasions and every conceivable item of outfit, each of its kind an undisputed winner.

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fully fashioned nylons

A new name—a new fineness! 'Vayle' Scottish Nylons set a new standard of nylon hose perfection.

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10,000 yards of plain deep pile

CARPETING

at old-fashioned prices

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Through careful foresight we hold considerable stocks of magnificent deep pile carpeting, and we are able to offer this carpeting at old-fashioned prices. It is 27" wide, and available in plain colours only: green, fawn, mushroom, mulberry, peach, old rose, flesh beige, powder blue and some others.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1951.



TO COMPETE IN THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIRST BOAT RACE TO-DAY, MARCH 24: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW (ABOVE), WITH THEIR COX, J. F. K. HINDE (INSET), AND THE OXFORD CREW (BELOW), WITH THEIR COX, G. A. CARVER (INSET).

The sixth post-war Boat Race, and the 101st contest between the two Universities, is due to take place at 1.40 to-day, March 24. The crews, as seen in our photographs at the time of going to press are: Cambridge—H. H. Almond (bow); D. D. Macklin (2); J. G. P. Crowden (3); R. F. A. Sharpley (4); E. J. Worlidge (5); C. B. M. Lloyd (6); W. A. D. Windham (7); D. M. Jennens (stroke); and J. F. K. Hinde (cox). Oxford—J. F. E. Smith (bow); A. J. Smith (2); H. J. Renton (3); L. A. F. Stokes (4); M. J. Hawkes (5); G. C. Turner (6);

D. N. Callender (7); C. G. V. Davidge (stroke); and G. A. Carver (cox). On March 12 the Oxford president, C. G. V. Davidge, moved from four to stroke, the position in which he rowed in the exciting race of 1949, when Cambridge won by a canvas. He was then pitted against D. M. Jennens, who is also stroking Cambridge this year. During the first week of practice on the tidal river both crews took over new boats built by George Sims, of Hammersmith. Oxford took over theirs on March 8, and Cambridge took delivery of their new boat on March 12.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FEELING, after a long sojourn in London, that my dog was pining away for the sight and sniff of a rabbit, I resolved to take him one afternoon to Richmond Park. Heaven knows what the penalty is for a private dog catching a national rabbit in a Royal warren: probably something so blood-curdling in its mediæval ferocity as to promote an unwonted and welcome flow of brotherly understanding and goodwill for our meek bourgeois polity from the Angevin types in the Kremlin. But I decided to risk it! The mental fear of the thumbscrew and the rack in the future was unavailing set against the immediate physical spectacle of a little pleading dog. We set out, therefore, together through a still precariously genteel Knightsbridge and a crumbling Kensington, heralded by piercing barks and yelps of joyous anticipation. The word rabbit, casually uttered, was enough to start an echoing Bedlam, and, when fearing that we should be stopped for promoting a riot, I hailed a taxi, the barking merely doubled in intensity and ferocity. Plainly, my hunting friend decided as the taxi rattled westwards and, nose pressed to the glass, he dug his toes into his master's unwonted tweed trousers, we were off to the country at last!

Richmond Park, entered by the Star and Garter, was a little disappointing. It was beautiful, fresh, blowing, with a spacious blue horizon of tree-clumps and open distance. It was unenclosed; it was something that Hyde Park, for all its familiar charms and opportunities for canine intercourse, was not. Yet it was not, to an experienced terrier's nose, real country; he shot ahead, like a miniature, white, spotted rocking-horse, but without the ecstatic abandon that he displays whenever his black, London-grimed pads—so soon to be white and pink again—touch down at journey's end on Dorset soil. For he is no dog to be fooled. Pan was out for the day, but only, it seemed, in the suburbs. And though he ranged to and fro busily, nose to ground, and occasionally took the pleasure of a refreshing roll, he was only too plainly aware that this, though a kindly thought of an all-too-unsporting master, was not the real thing. This was not hunting, only play at hunting: a game he has even occasionally been known to indulge in for a wistful minute inside a hollow but mousèless tree by the barren waters of the Serpentine. Of his Majesty's deer, who regarded him at first with some suspicion—for no dog they had ever seen, I fancy, could have travelled past them with such intensity of speed and purpose—he took, I was grateful to observe, not the slightest notice; no well-bred Highland chieftain encountering grouse on a July day could have been more studiously indifferent. He had come to Richmond, as to all country places, for one purpose and one only: rabbits! And where were the rabbits? Their traces could be seen in the brown, tangled February grass: their scent could be smelt by a little black nose travelling rapidly this way and that, an inch or two above the ground. But these were rabbits with a difference: not paradisial rabbits, wild, full-blown and unsuspecting; scampering in multitudes about a Purbeck warren, but wary, sophisticated, calculating, ill-bred, urban-scented vermin, shamefully on their guard against those whom Providence had designed to be their eaters. In fact, it was quite clear that, though the little dog sniffed them out assiduously, he more than doubted their existence: the whole affair was part of a magnificent game of make-believe, a gigantic cardboard spectacle, like the Festival of Britain. I almost began to doubt their existence myself. However, in the end I saw them, though my companion did not—for he was sniffing

up and down among the bracken a dozen yards the other side of me—they were squatting warily, half-a-dozen of them, on a grass path outside a plantation. As soon as they saw me, they winked like a row of park-keepers and retired, without precipitation or loss of urban dignity, behind an enormous iron fence that hedged in the plantation and disappeared for good among the laurels. My companion never saw them at all. I was rather glad he didn't; it would have shaken his faith, I feel, in the generosity and abandon of nature.

Afterwards we walked back into Richmond to find a bus. The view from the Terrace on the misty, wintry afternoon was very beautiful, but it

was not the Richmond outlook I remembered from my boyhood—south-western England opening out in all its wealth and loveliness below the ramparts of the capital. It was at best now only *rus in urbe*, and with every modern convenience at that: buses, concrete lamp-posts and all the untidy paraphernalia of our fussy, inelegant age. It made, however, little difference to my dog, who, finding himself in a street, recovered all his old certainty in the purposes of life and proclaimed, as was his wont in a voice that brought a score of ageing landladies from their winter sleep to the windows, that he was a better dog than any of the dogs of Richmond, and ready, aye anxious, to take them all on together. It was a relief when a kindly, but wary, conductor, having ascertained that no other dog would be travelling with us, we were permitted to board a bus in the little cul-de-sac where Richmond buses take a brief breather before returning to the metropolis. There we sat behind the glass on the front seat of this vast public vehicle as we rumbled back to Knightsbridge, barking down at the urban world below us: cinemas, shops, queues, lamp-posts, shabby, hurrying people, traffic-blocks, all the urban way.

That night, after we got home, I took down a map to see if I could find a variation for our walk for the next occasion on which we could both take an hour's holiday at Richmond. It was an old map, one of Surrey, and when I opened it I realised with something of a start that it dated from the days of my early childhood, fifty years of progress ago. According to that map, so green and nostalgic, London then stopped at Hammersmith to the south-west, just as it stopped at Kilburn to the north-west and Hampstead to the north. Barnes, Mortlake, Petersham, Malden, even Wimbledon, were still little more than villages. It brought back so much that I had forgotten: the walks I used to take



"HE IS NO DOG TO BE FOOLED": JIMMY, THE STRAY TERRIER THAT ADOPTED DR. ARTHUR BRYANT DURING THE WAR AND HAS BEEN HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND AND CONSTANT COMPANION EVER SINCE, SEEN PLEADING WITH HIS MASTER.

Every week since the death of G. K. Chesterton in 1936 Dr. Arthur Bryant has contributed to "Our Note Book," but perhaps the most popular of all the articles that he has written for us was the one which appeared in our issue of February 16, 1946, (reprinted on November 4 last year) in which he recalled his first meeting with his dog Jimmy. This week Dr. Bryant describes an afternoon expedition with Jimmy to Richmond Park for the purpose (Jimmy's) of hunting for rabbits. In fact, Jimmy, though he sniffed assiduously, never found any rabbits—the only person who saw them was his "all-too-unsporting" master, who came across half-a-dozen, but, to quote him, "as soon as they saw me, they winked like a row of park-keepers and retired . . . behind an enormous iron fence."

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Angus McBean.

with my father on Saturday and Sunday afternoons across Surrey heaths and copses that have long been given over to concrete and street-lit villadom; the bus-load of shouting boys in red caps who drove twice a week from my first school in Sloane Street into the Barnes meadows to play football or cricket with the real country visible along the wooded hills of the horizon; running on my first Founder's Day at Harrow, miles out of bounds, with an early aeronautical enthusiast across muddy fields to Hendon and scarcely passing a house all the while. How much has happened to the environs of London since that day, and how much more to a man who looks back on childhood not across fifty years, like me, but across, like a few old men still living, a hundred.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves
Where flocks have took delight!

And perhaps one day, old men, now in their perambulators, will recall with wistful yearning the time when there was grass on Leith Hill and rabbits in Berkshire!



THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN SECRETARY VISIT MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT HIS HOUSE IN HYDE PARK GATE: A GROUP SHOWING (L. TO R.), BACK ROW: LORD WOOLTON, LORD SALISBURY, MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON, SIR DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE, MR. R. A. BUTLER; AND (FRONT ROW) MR. H. MACMILLAN, SIGNOR DE GASPERI, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, COUNT SFORZA, MR. ANTHONY EDEN, DUKE GALLARATI-SCOTTI (ITALIAN AMBASSADOR).



AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: (FROM L. TO R.) COUNT SFORZA, ITALIAN FOREIGN SECRETARY; MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE, PRIME MINISTER; SIGNOR DE GASPERI, ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER; AND MR. HERBERT MORRISON, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED FOREIGN SECRETARY, MEET FOR DISCUSSIONS ON MATTERS OF COMMON CONCERN.

A LONDON VISIT STRENGTHENING ANGLO-ITALIAN FRIENDSHIP.

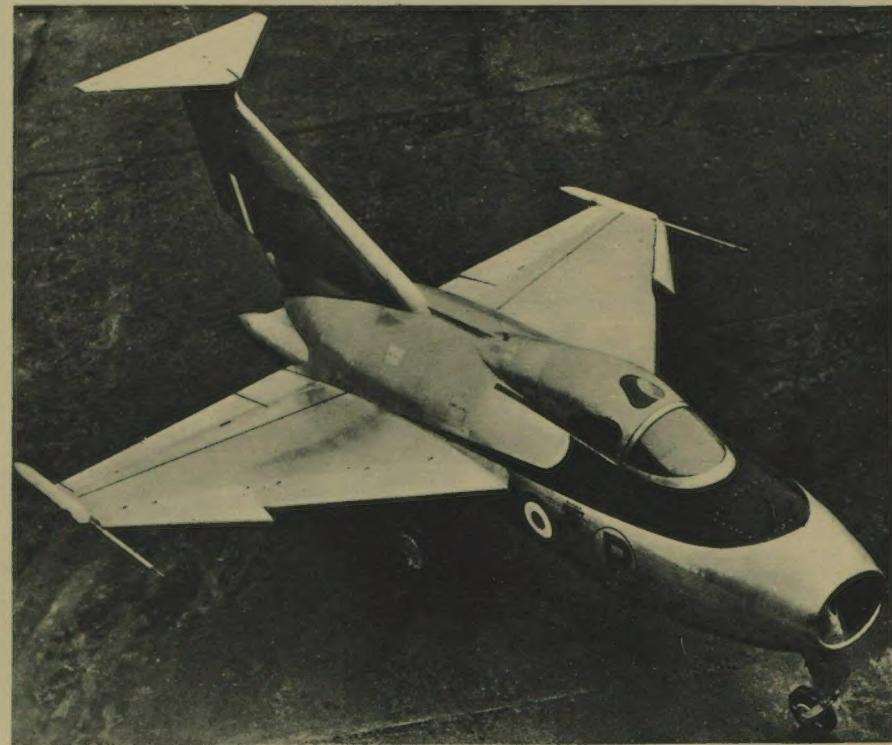
Signor De Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister, and Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, arrived in London on March 12, for discussions with the British Government on matters of common concern. On March 13 the discussions began at No. 10, Downing Street, with Mr. Attlee and Mr. Herbert Morrison, the newly-appointed Foreign Secretary, and the distinguished visitors lunched with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. In the evening they attended a reception at the Italian Embassy and dined with Mr. Morrison. On March 14 the conversations were held at the Foreign Office and, although Mr. Attlee was not present, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Griffiths, the Colonial Secretary,

took part. In the course of the day Signor De Gasperi and Count Sforza visited Mr. Winston Churchill at Hyde Park Gate and, after dining with Mr. Stokes, the Minister of Works, attended a reception at the House of Commons. On March 15 Mr. Herbert Morrison and Count Sforza left for Paris to attend a meeting of the Council of Europe's Committee of Ministers. Signor De Gasperi left London for Rome on March 16. A joint official statement was issued on March 15, stating that the British Ministers confirmed their adherence to the three-Power declaration on Trieste and the Italian Ministers declared their desire to reach a friendly agreement with Yugoslavia.

TRANSPORT ACHIEVEMENTS—GREAT AND SMALL; AND A VERY LONG VIEW.



DESIGNED BY QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK AS A PRESENT FOR KING FREDERIK: A ROTATING "WHEEL" WHICH CARRIES *HORS D'OEUVRE* ROUND A CIRCULAR TABLE. The Queen of Denmark has designed a rotating "wheel" moving on ball bearings to carry *hors d'oeuvre* in glass dishes round a circular lunch-table, and is giving it to her husband King Frederik of Denmark for use at Fredensborg Castle. It was shown by her gracious permission at an exhibition of handicrafts in Copenhagen. The King and Queen of Denmark will pay a State Visit to this country from Tuesday, May 8, until Friday, May 11, and will stay at Buckingham Palace as the guests of their Majesties.



THE FAIREY DELTA (F.D.1) TAILLESS RESEARCH AIRCRAFT WHICH RECENTLY MADE ITS INITIAL FLIGHT: ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE RELEASED. The Fairey Delta, so called because its shape resembles that of the Greek letter, recently made its first flight from the Aircraft and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down, and was in the air seventeen minutes. It is powered by a Rolls-Royce *Derwent* turbo-jet, buried in the fuselage and with its exhaust outlet at the back of the fuselage. The angle of sweep-back on the wings is so steep that the aircraft has the narrow wing-span of 19 ft. 6½ ins. The total length is 26 ft. 3 ins.



A MOTOR-CYCLE WHOSE COMFORT HAS EARNED IT THE NAME OF A "TWO-WHEELED CAR": A DOUGLAS VESPA ON THE ROAD.

The Vespa or *Wasp* provides great comfort for the rider. It roused envy in British tourists when they saw it in Italy, and is now in production at the Douglas works, Bristol. The price is £100, plus purchase tax, its speed is a steady 45 m.p.h., and petrol consumption about 100 m.p.g.



BRITAIN'S LATEST SMALL CAR: THE TWO-STROKE, TWO-SEATER RUSSON, PRICED AT £270, PLUS TAX, WHICH IT IS CLAIMED BY THE MAKERS HAS A CRUISING SPEED OF 40 M.P.H. AND A CONSUMPTION OF BETWEEN 50 AND 60 M.P.G.

This neat and economical British car, the two-stroke, two-seater Russon, is powered by a rear-mounted fan-cooled 200-c.c. motor-cycle engine. It is chain-driven with three gears controlled by a steering-column change lever, and it has an independent coil springing for each wheel.



SHOWING HOW THE CREW OF THREE YOUNG WOMEN WILL SLEEP: THE INTERIOR OF THE HUMBER HAWK IN WHICH THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO DRIVE TO NEW ZEALAND.

Three young women are attempting to drive from London to New Zealand in a Humber Hawk. Only 5000 of the 20,000 miles will be by water. The route chosen is via Turkey, Iraq, Iran, India, Ceylon and Australia, and they hope to arrive in New Zealand by the end of August. Our photograph shows the interior of the car arranged for sleeping. The pockets on the curtains hold personal possessions.



CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD: BINOCULARS PRODUCED BY THE JAPANESE IN WORLD WAR II., REMAINING FROM A SET OF TWELVE.

This immense pair of binoculars is one of a set of twelve used by the Japanese in their Navy during World War II. It is stated that by their means it is possible to read the name of a ship 20 miles away at sea. The eleven others were mounted on battleships sunk by the U.S. Navy.

THE RADIO-CONTROLLED LIFEBOAT.



DROPPING THE RADIO-CONTROLLED A-3 LIFEBOAT FROM A SUPERFORTRESS DURING AIR-SEA RESCUE TESTS—THE PARACHUTE HAS NOT YET OPENED IN THIS PICTURE.



GUIDING THE LIFEBOAT BY RADIO TO THE MEN IN THE WATER: A RADIO OPERATOR IN THE RESCUE AIRCRAFT STEERING THE CRAFT BY SIGNALS.



PREPARING TO TEST A RADIO-CONTROLLED AIR-SEA RESCUE LIFEBOAT: U.S. AIR FORCE MECHANICS ABOUT TO ATTACH THE CRAFT TO A SUPERFORTRESS.

The United States Air Force has recently been testing a new method of air-sea rescue. The A-3 lifeboat may, when dropped on the scene of a crash, enter the water at a distance from the survivors and may be carried out of their reach by wind and tide. Now the craft has been fitted with radio equipment which enables a radio operator in the rescue aircraft above to steer it towards the survivors and, when they have climbed aboard, to set it on a fixed course. The lifeboat is of all-metal construction, 30 ft. long, and designed to carry fifteen men. It is powered by a four-cylinder water-cooled engine housed in a watertight compartment. The aircraft used in the tests was that "maid of all work," the Boeing Superfortress, which carried the lifeboat attached beneath the fuselage. The R.A.F. were allotted seventy B-29 Superfortresses under the North Atlantic Treaty.

LONDON AIRPORT'S NEW FIRE ENGINE.

A new type of fire engine, unique in this country, has been installed at London Airport for use in fighting fires in aircraft. It carries 6000 lb. of liquid carbon dioxide gas and 300 gallons of foam solution. The gas is kept in a liquid state by a refrigerator, and is directed to the fire by four circular nozzles resembling sprays of huge watering-cans, two mounted on articulated rotating arms, one on the roof of the engine and one above the radiator, and two hand-operated. Four short tubes on the front bumper enable a protective wall of gas to be sent out as the engine drives right up to the blaze. The concentration of gas is such that, after use, the whole vehicle is covered with frost, and the entire supply carried is emitted in 46 seconds. This great speed is in accordance with requirements, as a blazing aircraft is burnt out in a matter of seconds. Special protective helmets with visors are worn by the firemen.



UNIQUE IN THIS COUNTRY: THE NEW TYPE OF FIRE ENGINE AT LONDON AIRPORT WHICH EXTINGUISHES AIRCRAFT CONFLAGRATIONS BY EMITTING CLOUDS OF CO₂ GAS.



EMITTING A WALL OF CO₂ GAS THROUGH TUBES ON THE FRONT BUMPER: THE NEW FIRE ENGINE, SHOWING ITS ARTICULATED ROTATING MECHANISM ENDING IN CIRCULAR NOZZLES.



FIREMEN ARMED WITH THE HAND-OPERATED NOZZLES WHICH EMIT CO₂ GAS, AND (CENTRE) ONE HOLDING THE RIGID TUBE ENDING IN A SHARP POINT FOR PIERCING WINGS OF AIRCRAFT AND FORCING GAS IN, WHICH IS ALSO PART OF THE EQUIPMENT.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

SIR ROBERT ARUNDELL.
Governor of the Windward Islands. He flew to Grenada on March 2 to investigate the disturbances following strikes for higher pay by agricultural workers. He ordered the release of Mr. Gairy, strike leader, and on March 14 dismissed Colonel Donald, Chief of Police in Grenada. On March 15 three negroes were killed in a disturbance.



COLONEL ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE.
To be General Eisenhower's Deputy Chief of Staff for national affairs, in charge of liaison with the member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty organisation. He served in London as Envoy Extraordinary to Allied Governments in exile, and since 1948 has been in charge of the foreign liaison section, War Department, Washington.



LEAVING NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, AFTER LUNCHING WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. ATTLEE: MEMBERS OF THE YUGOSLAV PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION.
Mr. Moshe Pijade, Vice-President of the Yugoslav Presidium and a member of the Politburo, arrived in London on March 10 with a Parliamentary delegation who were the guests of the British Houses of Parliament. During the visit the delegation addressed members of both Houses at a meeting over which Mr. George Mather, M.P., presided. A reception in honour of the delegation was held at the House of Commons.



LORD CROOK.
Appointed chairman of the National Dock Labour Board, with effect from April 1, 1951, until December 31, 1952. Lord Crook was general secretary of the Ministry of Labour Staff Association from 1925 until the beginning of March, when he retired. He was created a Baron in the Birthday Honours List of 1947.



PREBENDARY ARTHUR TAYLOR.
Died on March 15, aged eighty-three. He had been Vicar of St. Bride, Fleet Street, for thirty-three years and for many years was one of the secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was Rural Dean for the West City from 1932-42, and was appointed Prebendary of Ealdland in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1940.



THE WORLD TABLE TENNIS SINGLES CHAMPION: J. LEACH (RIGHT—HOLDING CUP) WITH I. ANDREADIS, WHOM HE DEFEATED.
Johnny Leach, of Croydon, the English international, regained the world table tennis singles championship, which he first won in 1949, on March 11. In the final in Vienna he beat I. Andreadis, of Czechoslovakia, by 16-21, 21-18, 21-18, 21-12. The Middlesex twins, R. and D. Rowe, won the women's doubles championship by beating the Rumanian pair, Mrs. Rosenu and Miss S. Szasz.



VISCOUNT ELBANK.
Died in Cape Town on March 12, aged seventy-three. As Gideon Murray, he was Conservative M.P. for St. Rollox, Glasgow, from 1918-22, and as an administrator rendered great service to the Empire. In British New Guinea he became a Resident Magistrate at the age of twenty-three. He was subsequently Assistant Native Commissioner in the Transvaal; Administrator of St. Vincent and then of St. Lucia. In 1927 he succeeded his father as second Viscount.



PRESENTED WITH MEDALS FOR GALLANTRY: (L. TO R.) COXSWAIN E. KAVANAGH, SECOND COXSWAIN W. S. JONES, COXSWAIN P. POWER AND SECOND COXSWAIN R. POWER.
On March 13 H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent presented medals for gallantry to four members of lifeboat crews at the annual meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, at the Central Hall, Westminster. Three of the members were Irish Coxswain E. Kavanagh, Coxswain P. Power and Second Coxswain R. Power.



SIR GILBERT LAITHWAITE.
To succeed Sir Laurence Graffey-Smith, who is retiring at the end of May, as High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Pakistan. Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, who is fifty-six, is at present the U.K. Ambassador in Dublin. He was Private Secretary to Lord Linlithgow, then Viceroy of India, 1936-43; he later worked at the India Office.



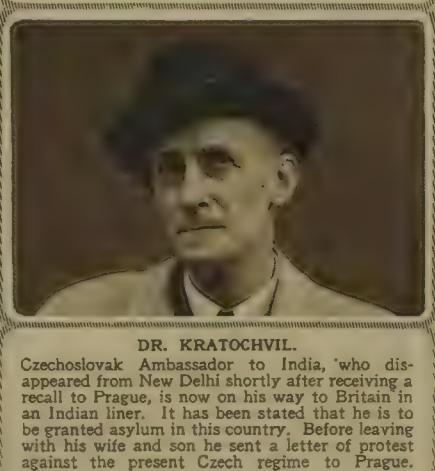
VISITING HIS NEWLY-BORN GRAND-DAUGHTER: GENERAL FRANCO, WITH HIS WIFE, AND THEIR ONLY CHILD, CARMEN, WHO IS HOLDING HER BABY.
The Marquesa de Villaverde, formerly Senorita Carmen Franco, General Franco's only child, gave birth to a daughter on February 26 at El Pardo Palace, General Franco's residence about four miles from Madrid. The baby has been baptised María del Carmen Esperanza Alejandra de la Santísima Trinidad y de los Santos. The Marquis of Villaverde is a lung specialist.



THE VERY REV. DR. J. C. HEENAN.
Consecrated on March 12 as Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds in succession to Mr. Henry John Poskitt, who died a year ago. Born in 1905, and educated at Ushaw College, near Durham, Dr. Heenan was ordained in 1930; appointed Parish Priest of Manor Park in 1937, and in 1947 became Superior of the Catholic Missionary Society.



GENERAL QUEIPO DE LLANO.
Died on March 9, aged seventy-six. He held important posts under the Republic, but on the outbreak of civil war he seized Seville for General Franco. Throughout the war his propaganda broadcasts earned him the name of the "Radio General." He went to Italy in 1939 as head of a Spanish military mission and returned in 1942.



DR. KRATOCHVIL.
Czechoslovak Ambassador to India, who disappeared from New Delhi shortly after a recall to Prague, is now on his way to Britain in an Indian liner. It has been stated that he is to be granted asylum in this country. Before leaving with his wife and son he sent a letter of protest against the present Czech regime to Prague.



U.S. 500-LB. BOMBS ON PARACHUTES DESCEND ON A RAILWAY BRIDGE BEHIND THE CHINESE COMMUNIST LINES IN KOREA.



USING LOGS AS GIANT "TYRE-LEVERS": U.S. MARINES IMPROVISE THE MEANS TO REPLACE THE TRACK WHICH HAD BEEN BLOWN OFF THEIR TANK BY A CHINESE LAND-MINE EXPLOSION.



THE TRAGIC RELICS OF A U.N. DISASTER OF MID-FEBRUARY, WHEN MANY U.N. TROOPS, TRANSPORT AND ARTILLERY WERE LOST IN AN AMBUSH.



UNITED NATIONS ARTILLERY AND VEHICLES, DESTROYED BY THE CHINESE IN AN AMBUSH NEAR HOENGSONG ON FEBRUARY 12, WHEN U.N. LOSSES IN MEN AND MATERIAL WERE VERY HEAVY. THIS GROUND IS SINCE REGAINED.



CANADIAN TROOPS PREPARE FOR BATTLE IN KOREA: MEN OF PRINCESS PAT'S LIGHT INFANTRY GATHERED AROUND THEIR ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN, WHO CAN BE SEEN, RIGHT OF CENTRE, AND HATLESS.



A "TARZAN" OR RADIO-GUIDED 2000-LB. BOMB OF THE TYPE USED WITH GREAT EFFECT IN KOREA.

THE WAR IN KOREA: GRIM SCENES OF THE HARD FIGHTING WHICH HAS MARKED THE UNITED NATIONS' GENERAL OFFENSIVE.

On March 14 South Korean troops again entered Seoul, the South Korean capital, which has now changed hands four times in the Korean war; and on March 15 U.S. troops, led by tanks, entered Hongchon, which has been the enemy's main supply base for the Central Korean campaign, and on the same day took over the occupation of Seoul from the South Koreans. In a communiqué of March 14, General MacArthur announced that for two successive

days U.N. aircraft had flown more than 1000 sorties against the enemy, while heavy naval bombardment of East Korean ports had been continued. Meanwhile, in Washington there had been considerable discussion of General MacArthur's statement that he could not maintain a static defence of the 38th Parallel with the troops at his disposal. It is believed, however, by some that a stabilised front might be possible some 30 to 50 miles north of the Parallel.

"ONE OF THE FINEST DOCUMENTS OF ALL HISTORY."

"CICERO: The Secrets of his Correspondence"; By JÉRÔME CARCOPINO.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The Illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

CICERO'S Letters, as everyone who knows them must admit, are outstanding amongst his works, and unique in their kind amongst all the documents which have come down to us from Roman antiquity. M. Carcopino, of whose *magnum opus* on the subject a first-class translation now appears, goes further. The letters, says he, are "one of the finest documents of all history." "From the artistic point of view they are brilliantly successful. No other epoch, no other language, can show memoirs or letters which, by the quality of their form can rival Cicero's Correspondence. It surpasses them all in the value and profusion of its material; it eclipses them by the dazzling variety of gifts it combines, gifts elsewhere found only in dispersion. Cicero's Letters are now as clear and vivid as Voltaire's, now as picturesque and light-hearted as Madame de Sévigné's, now as tantalising and enigmatic as Mérimée's, now as bitter and corrosive as Saint-Simon's. At one moment they skilfully exploit all the conscious devices of the orator who seeks to bewitch public opinion far outside the circle of his immediate audience; at another, the shock of some occurrence gives them the more intimate appeal, the quiver of irrepressible emotion, the inspiration of a first enthusiasm. They present us with a masterpiece which is a perfect blend of every quality and every style: narrative and portrait, argument and anecdote, maxim and metaphor, invective and irony, seductive coquetry and stinging sarcasm. Lastly, and above all, the Letters are a mine of information whose wealth overwhelms the miner."

A person unacquainted with Cicero who should come across that passage might well rush off to acquire a copy of the letters; and, though he might think that some of the writers mentioned (not to speak of some others, like Horace Walpole) were not quite equalled by Cicero in certain specified qualities, he would not be disappointed. I myself, who thought I had long since lost all desire to renew close acquaintance with that brilliant, admirable, maddening, contemptible prig and wobbler of a man, a conceited poltroon who died a noble death, found the spell of his genius and enigmatic character coming over me again. Before I knew where I was I had gone back to Plutarch's fascinating "Life," was deep in Shuckburgh's translation, and was browsing all over the place for sidelights.

As for the man, I have come out by the same door wherein I went. Lest the fervent panegyric which I quoted at the beginning should mislead readers into thinking that Cicero has found in M. Carcopino an unreservedly doting admirer, I quote another passage which is so severe that it almost prompts me to put up a defence. "Whatever political reputation," says our author, "other authorities ascribe—or leave—to Cicero, his Correspondence most effectually destroys. The Letters reduce to nothingness his most deserving attempts at intervention, prick the bubble of his most eloquent and resounding speeches and give the lie to the noblest declarations of his philosophical treatises. They illuminate fully—or re-illuminate—the events in which he played an inglorious part. In order not to prejudice Cicero, Plutarch passes over these in silence or prudently tones them down, or by ingenious little touches—of which but for the Letters we should be unaware—distorts or travesties them in a greater or less degree.

"Worse still: Cicero's Correspondence, revealing the real motives which underlay certain of his actions, motives known only to himself and his intimates, reduces the majority of them to pettiness and convicts

the writer of an incompetence which was veiled by his gift of speech. The Letters reveal the greatest orator of the Roman Republic as a politician with no convictions, no loyalty and no courage. His inordinate vanity led him to entertain extravagant illusions. Under the weight of his blunders and his faults, he inevitably sank into inexcusable mistakes and irreparable failure. Apart from his Letters, Cicero would retain in the eyes of History at least some

convictions" is perhaps an exaggeration; at least he had "views," the sort of "democratic principles" which led Brutus to murder the man who had saved the Roman world from one reign of chaos, and whose death plunged it into another. But whatever his convictions, he had not the courage of them. Nobody knows to this day how far he was privy to (he may have been the main prompter) the butchery of one man by a horde of "heroes" on the Ides of March.

What we do know—he was very likely "willing to wound and yet afraid [to strike]"—is, that the moment the deed was done, he wrote to one of the assassins this letter, as base as it is brief: "I congratulate you! For myself I am rejoiced! I love you: I watch over your interests: I desire to be loved by you and to be informed how you are, and what is being done."

Whatever we may think of him, his letters—the earliest as well as the finest of their kind in Latin literature—must always be valued both as superb letters and as historical documents, shedding unique light on an age which, for broils and bloodshed, "liquidations" and "purges," has hardly been equalled until our own day. M. Carcopino surveys both letters and life exhaustively. His book would be tremendously interesting even had he set himself nothing to prove. Its interest is all the greater

because he is all the time assembling evidence with a view to demonstration.

He believes himself to have established two things. In the first instance, he does not accept the established belief that whole "volumes" of letters have been lost, and that those we possess (although nearly a thousand in number) are but a selection preserved by intention or chance. What he does maintain is that we possess the corpus of the letters, but that they have been "doctored" by deliberate and purposeful "cutting." And that theory links up with his view as to the date and source of their publication.

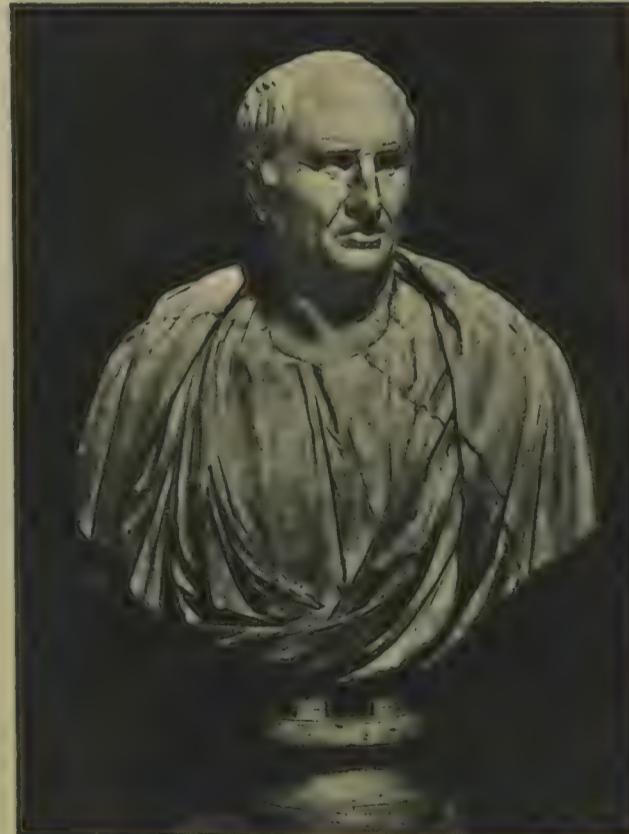
I cannot even summarise his exhaustive argument and mass of detailed evidence. I can only state that he is convinced that he has proved the letters, suitably trimmed, to have been published, with Atticus's privy, by Octavian. I say Octavian not Augustus advisedly, although Octavian and Augustus were the same person. The argument is that by the time that "Augustus" was the name and a settlement had been reached, the last thing which would have been undertaken would have been a publication which must inevitably revive old differences and feuds, and might even lead to a recrudescence of strife. But in the time of Octavian, when strife was still raging, it was of immense importance that Cicero should be discredited; and how better than by giving all the world a sight of this correspondence which revealed him, as politician, in so squalid a light? Personal spleen on Octavian's part need not be supposed: after all, he did do his best to save Cicero from the proscription, and only gave way in the end to satisfy the implacable hatred of Antony, with whom at the time he had to work.

I have not a tithe of the erudition which would be necessary for the mere forming of an opinion as to whether the case has been conclusively made out: even a Regius Professor might be pardoned for taking a long time over the consideration of such a mass of argument and testimony. But, apart from all the other merits of the book, it is fascinating as a piece of detective work. I conceive that many readers, like myself, when they have finished the treatise, will be eager to hear what our specialists have to say about it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 472 of this issue.



ACCUSING CATILINE OF TREASON AGAINST THE STATE: CICERO IN THE SENATE. A PAINTING FROM THE PALACE OF THE SENATE IN ROME.



"HIS LETTERS MUST ALWAYS BE VALUED BOTH AS SUPERB LETTERS AND AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, SHEDDING UNIQUE LIGHT ON AN AGE WHICH, FOR BROILS AND BLOODSHED, 'LIQUIDATIONS' AND 'PURGES,' HAS HARDLY BEEN EQUALLED UNTIL OUR OWN DAY": CICERO: A BUST IN THE CAPITOL MUSEUM IN ROME. CICERO WAS ASSASSINATED IN DECEMBER, 43 B.C., AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-THREE.

features of the statesman he claimed to be. In his Letters we find only the hateful, pitiable, or ludicrous caricature of a statesman."

It had been better for him—his friend Atticus, for all his riches, managed to live through those dreadful times until the ripe age of seventy-seven—had he managed to stick to his literature and his law, instead of trying ineffectively to compete with bloody and determined men of war. That he had "no



NOW LOOKING DOWN ON THE GAIETIES OF MONTE CARLO, BUT BUILT TO COMMEMORATE THE TRIUMPHS OF GREAT AUGUSTUS.

Above Monaco, in the pass between the peaks of the Mont de la Bataille and the Tête de Chien, stands the village of La Turbie, and beside the village stands the noble ruin our Artist has portrayed. It is ruinous, it has been fortified at different times throughout the ages, and it was restored to some extent at the beginning of this century. It was built, however, in about 6 B.C. by the Roman Senate to commemorate the victories of Augustus Cæsar over the Celtic tribes of the Alpes Maritimes; and in its original form would appear to have been a circular

building ringed with pillars and crowned with a colossal statue of the Emperor. It is called the Trophy of the Alps, or the Tower of Augustus, and it commands a magnificent panorama of the many heights around Monaco (most of which were fortified in Roman times) and a truly superb stretch of the Côte d'Azur from Montboron, beside Nice, through Monte Carlo and Mentone as far as Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera; and itself forms a piquant landmark of Imperial Rome above the great pleasure-coast of the Europe of to-day.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau.

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH IN NEPAL: KING TRIBHUVANA'S RETURN FROM EXILE.



SOME OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES ERECTED IN KATMANDU TO WELCOME KING TRIBHUVANA ON HIS RETURN FROM EXILE. ALL BEAR THE KING'S PORTRAIT.



KING TRIBHUVANA RETURNS TO NEPAL. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY ON HIS ARRIVAL AT KATMANDU, SHOWS THE KING IN THE CENTRE, WITH THE HEREDITARY PRIME MINISTER (RIGHT) AND THE INDIAN AMBASSADOR TO NEPAL (LEFT).

On February 15, after three months' exile in India, King Tribhuvana of Nepal returned in triumph to his capital, Katmandu. He was accompanied by his family—two Queens, three Princes, two daughters, two daughters-in-law and a grandson—and he flew in an aircraft of the Indian Air Force Transport Command to Katmandu. There he was met by the hereditary Prime Minister, Maharaja Mohan Shumshere Rana, and all the senior generals and members of the Assembly of Notables. The King and the Prime Minister drove together into the city, and

it is reported that cheering crowds welcomed them all along the four-mile route. The leaders of the Nepalese Congress Party also returned from exile; and it was expected that some of them would take office in the newly-organised Cabinet, of which five members would be representatives of the Rana family and five of more "popular" elements. The Maharaja was expected to continue as Prime Minister, but it is believed that the office of hereditary Prime Minister is doomed soon to disappear.



ERECTED TO CELEBRATE KING TRIBHUVANA'S RETURN FROM EXILE : AN ELABORATE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE KING (RIGHT) AND HIS ANCESTORS.



WITH THE SUNBEAMS CATCHING THE FACETS OF THE JEWELS AND THE CANDLABRA : THE SCENE IN THE THRONE-ROOM WHEN THE KING RESUMED HIS THRONE.

IN THE THRONE-ROOM AT KATMANDU : THE KING OF NEPAL'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN AND HIS RESUMPTION OF HIS THRONE.

Although the return of King Tribhuvana of Nepal from exile in February seems to represent a victory for the King and the Nepalese Congress Party over the great Rana family and their head, the hereditary Prime Minister ; and although the new Cabinet would seem to reconcile these varying forces, yet, from various reports, Nepal is still far from free of unrest. This has taken the form of an insurrection in the centre of Nepal. Here more than

100,000 armed men, it is said, have refused to obey the cease-fire order given by the Nepalese Congress Party leaders. There are also said to be numbers of insurgents near the Tibetan border and the two groups are said to be linked and to represent an attempt by the Nepalese of Mongolian-Tibetan stock to be rid of both the Royal and the Rana families, who are Rajputs, as alien rulers ; and the unrest thus appears as a Gurkha racial movement.

ALL except the Communist supporters of China are rejoiced that the forces of the United Nations in Korea have so greatly improved their situation. Good leadership and hard-earned experience have shaped them into a far more formidable fighting machine than they were before Christmas, and they have shown splendid endurance in miserable conditions: a bleak country, bare of shelter, until lately bitterly cold, and now muddy and holding after a sharp thaw and heavy rain. The last Chinese offensive was brought up all standing, and the enemy, after his usual practice, at once abandoned it. The initiative passed to General Ridgway. He renewed his attacks in the first week of this month. They proved even more successful than before. Almost all along the front, except in the west, where no direct attack was launched against Seoul, good progress was made. And east of Seoul progress was best of all, so that the largely ruined and highly defensible city was outflanked. By March 10, it appeared that the Chinese were making a general withdrawal on the central front, though there was no indication that this was likely to be deep. Chinese casualties may be exaggerated in the published estimates, but they have undoubtedly been very high.

If this were a normal war, we should now be speculating as to whether General MacArthur would attain his object and, if so, how soon. And as we think on these lines it comes to us as a shock to find that we can think of no military object whatever, except the vague and unsatisfactory one of avoiding defeat. I can at the moment recall no other war in which this has been the case. Even tactics of attrition, with the object of inflicting heavier strain and loss upon the enemy than we suffer ourselves, are as a rule adopted in the hope that at some future period it may be possible to abandon them in favour of an *attaque brusque* by which the enemy may be overwhelmed. General MacArthur has gone out of his way to warn optimists not to hope for such a development in this case. He has said, in effect, that if the present offensive were to result in an advance beyond a certain line—he did not specify whether this was the 38th Parallel—such vast numbers of the enemy would be encountered that victory would be impossible. But he has also stated that, with inferior numbers, it would not be possible to hold the front by passive defence. Logically, therefore, if the Eighth Army cannot safely go beyond a certain line and must keep moving because it cannot safely sit down on any line, it can, after reaching the line, keep moving only by going backwards. This is indeed *reductio ad absurdum*.

My difficulty, I have satisfied myself, does not lie in my own personal obtuseness. I have consulted everyone available to questioning who might be expected to have an opinion worthy of respect on this subject, and have never found better answers to my question than I could produce myself. If General MacArthur had not committed himself to the view set out above I might have cherished the hope that the offensive would have so thoroughly worn out the Chinese and depleted their forces that, even if they were not driven out of Korea by force, they would be inclined to agree to a favourable and reasonable understanding. And then, again, as we consider whether or not it lies in the power of the United Nations forces to drive them out of Korea, we come up against the second ridiculous anomaly that there is some peculiar virtue attaching to that important but invisible line, the 38th Parallel, which renders it inviolable to them. This absurdity ought not to be made known to the enemy, and I should naturally not mention it here if it had not been shouted from the house-tops. Thus do we inform a crafty and dangerous enemy not only of our internal differences, but of what he has to expect or can safely eliminate when he is studying the pros and cons of continued aggression in Korea. Policy has seldom been more inane.

It may be that, by the time these words appear, there will have been new developments in Korea. The Chinese may have dealt another blow. It is known that they had been preparing for an offensive, which would have been on a bigger scale than the last. They had deployed a considerable number of divisions in first line and built up behind them, mostly just north of the 38th Parallel, a heavy concentration of reserve divisions. Just before the Eighth Army renewed its attack, the enemy had apparently again changed his dispositions and withdrawn a number of divisions from front line to reserve, the object being, as far as can be ascertained, to provide a powerful

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WHAT IS TO BE THE END IN KOREA?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

striking force to exploit the first break-through. It may well have been in order to forestall him and throw him off his balance that the Eighth Army attacked. I shall not venture to prophesy whether the Chinese will yet bring off something greater than they have as yet attained, though I consider it probable that they will not. Whatever the outcome, it cannot be disguised that this uncertainty about the object for which the troops are fighting has created a serious problem for the command. Nearly all troops fight best for a definite object.

On the other hand, it must have come as a great encouragement to these troops to find that a correct reading of the lessons so far available and a reversion

confidence in moving about difficult country by day or night. Good as they are, these qualities ought not to suffice to win wars.

The Chinese ascendancy disappeared when the Eighth Army began to make use of defensive and later of offensive tactics the efficacy of which had been half-forgotten. It found that, when it retreated

hastily in face of attack, it was apt to bring disaster on units that had been cut off and to sacrifice the initiative as a whole. Far better to hold out whenever possible and relieve enveloped units without yielding ground. On the offensive, it found that while it clung to its transport and heavy material on the roads it had no enemy to fight—except when the enemy made road-blocks behind it—and that the Chinese were allowed to own all the country except for the length and width of the roads. Since then, a number of small columns have operated far from the roads and without any wheeled transport, sometimes for a week or more at a stretch, have fought their way through hill passes by wretched tracks, and have hunted the enemy before them. These methods of fighting have involved great discomfort, exposure, and even suffering; but they have brought with them success and an increased measure of safety.

Once more, however, we come back to the question of how it is all to end. As I have pointed out, the best to be hoped for, barring a composition, is some form of stalemate. My own view is that, if matters continue to go well for the Eighth Army, the United States will raise the political question and demand that the policy governing action in the campaign should be revised. As I have argued, the present artificial limitations border on the ridiculous even now, when no decision is in sight; they would be still more absurd if it appeared that the enemy had reached a state in which it might be possible to inflict upon him a decisive defeat. Having put so much more into this war and suffered so much more heavily than any other nation, the United States could not be blamed for deciding that she herself must be the judge of how far the present restrictions ought to be retained.

It is true that objections to unrestricted and full-scale warfare with China exist, but there exist also grave objections to an indefinite continuance of the present form of warfare and the pinning-down of such large forces to the peninsula of Korea. Nor is it inevitable that action against Chinese bases in Manchuria should involve also action against China proper.

One other possibility has been suggested to me, that the Chinese may tire of the extremely costly business which they have undertaken sooner than we suppose. I hope it may be so; but I know too little of the value which the Chinese Communist State sets on the lives of its soldiers or of how long these will face the enormous sacrifices they are now making to express an opinion one way or the other. Communist China certainly acquired a good deal of prestige at the beginning of her campaign against the United Nations forces, but most of this has since been dissipated. Of late she has got little but hard knocks. Chinese soldiers are dying by thousands in Korea, not for the benefit of their own country but for that of Russia. And yet, such is Communist ideology, few will dare to foretell that China will refuse to play the puppet in the Russian game. Making war through satellites is a paying form of business, in which the West still lags far behind Russia in technique. In this case it is doubtful if she has given anything of account, unless it were a pledge of aid should Chinese industries be attacked by United States aircraft.

Public opinion, so intensely interested at the start, is, I think, becoming somewhat weary of the Korean war. For my part, I confess I find it hard to take my eyes off it. I find it of great interest in itself, from the political, strategic and tactical point of view, the manner in which old principles and doctrine which many thought inapposite at first have been, with the necessary modifications, successfully revived. In a more sinister sense it continues to be of the highest importance. It may be intimately connected with our future destinies, and this is a moment when they seem to be menaced as never before. It is unfortunately not too late for something uglier than it is itself to develop from the Korean war. It has no likeness to the "colonial" wars of the last century, but is rather intertwined with the affairs of the two groups of nations which are now eyeing each other with such deep distrust. The statesmen who have to deal with it bear on their shoulders a grim responsibility.



VISITING THE FRONT IN KOREA FOR PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF THE SITUATION: GENERAL MACARTHUR WITH MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF AT AN ADVANCED FAR EAST AIR FORCES AIR BASE.

General MacArthur is not content to exercise his command of the United Nations forces in Korea from his headquarters in Japan, with only the reports of his subordinate commanders for guidance, but believes in going to the front to see things for himself. This photograph was taken at an advanced Far East Air Forces air base, and shows (from l. to r.) Major-General Doyle O. Hickey, Acting Chief of Staff, G.H.Q., Far East Command; General MacArthur; Major-General L. C. Allen, Chief of Staff, Eighth Army; Major-General Earle E. Partridge, commanding Fifth Air Force; and Colonel A. W. Tyer, commanding the 49th Fighter Bomber Wing.



THE MAN WHO HAS TWICE CHANGED THE WHOLE PICTURE OF THE WAR IN KOREA: GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MACARTHUR AT A PRESS CONFERENCE AT SUWON ON MARCH 7, WHERE HE CONCLUDED HIS TWELFTH TOUR OF THE BATTLE AREAS AND PREDICTED THE POSSIBILITY OF EVENTUAL STALEMATE IN THE WAR.

to sounder tactical doctrine have taken back from the Chinese the initiative which they had earlier been allowed to gain. Their tactics of penetration under cover of darkness—easy enough to employ when posts are as far apart as those of the United Nations forces in this theatre of war—followed by assault an hour or so before dawn to the accompaniment of bugle blasts, were indeed unsettling, especially in view of their numerical superiority; but they were not new and not infallible. It was soon discovered that the Chinese soldier was no superman. On the contrary, he is a miserably bad shot, and he flinches in face of a determined counter-attack. He resembles the Japanese, though not nearly so good a soldier, in that when his carefully prepared plans go wrong he appears to be at a loss and unable to improvise new ones. His reputation was exaggerated, yet it was founded on genuine virtues: skill in obtaining accurate information about his opponent's dispositions, enterprise, and



COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY IN KOREA, WHOSE PERSONALITY AND LEADERSHIP HAVE MUCH IN COMMON WITH THOSE OF FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY: LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY.

Lieut.-General Matthew B. Ridgway, who took over the unified command of the United Nations troops in Korea after the death of General Walton Walker in a road accident on December 23, was responsible for the amazing renewal of the spirit of confidence which preceded the remarkable change in the campaign. Captain Cyril Falls, writing in our issue of February 24, chose General Ridgway as one of two examples of personality and leadership. Field Marshal Montgomery, to whom many people have compared him, once described him as one of the two best Corps Commanders he ever knew. General Ridgway recently flew low over the Central Korean hills to watch the advance

of the United Nations forces. On his return he gave an encouraging assessment of Allied operations, in which he referred to the controversial issue of a possible crossing of the 38th Parallel by Allied troops. He said that there was no plan that he was aware of to "end the war" at the 38th, but he declared that the United Nations could achieve a "tremendous victory" merely by reaching the 38th Parallel, without necessarily occupying all Korea. General Ridgway's favourite uniform at the front is a paratrooper's combat uniform, which he wears with a grenade attached to the webbing equipment and this has now become as famous as "Monty's" two badges.

THE CULT OF MITHRAS IN ROMAN BRITAIN: A SHRINE RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT CARRAWBURGH ON HADRIAN'S WALL.

By PROFESSOR IAN A. RICHMOND, M.A., F.S.A., *Ford's Lecturer in English History, Oxford, 1950-51.*

In the article on this page Professor Richmond describes the excavations undertaken during 1950 by the Excavation Committee of the University of Durham and the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and conducted by himself and Mr. J. P. Gillam. The owner of the site, Mrs. Benson, of Newbrough, has given the site to the Nation, and it will in due course be put in order for exhibition by the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works. Photographs of the site appear on page 455 and reconstruction drawings by Alan Sorrell appear here and on pages 456-457.

AMONG the numerous mystery-religions of the ancient world, the worship of Mithras is that which has most caught modern fancy, because, thanks to archaeological discoveries, much is known about it. The cult was of Persian origin. Mithras, the God of Light and companion of the Sun, had for his prophet Zoroaster, whose precepts form the ancient background of present-day Parsee worship, and preserve much that is valuable for the understanding of the Mithraic cult. But the branch of worship which spread westwards to the Roman world did not develop in the same direction as Parseeism. The class of people to whom the cult of Mithras there became attractive, army officers and merchants, found in his teachings the sources of strength which they most needed. Invincibility, fortitude and vigilance were the qualities which a soldier could ardently desire and wholly understand: uprightness, fidelity and constancy, not to mention again fortitude and vigilance, were the virtues essential to continued mercantile success. Small wonder that temples of Mithras abounded in the great mercantile port of Ostia or in Rome itself, or that they spread far and wide to the base-fortresses and frontiers of the Empire, from Syria to the Danube, from Danube to Rhine and from Rhine to the Tyne and Solway. This did not happen, however, either rapidly or early. Rome first heard of the Mithraic mysteries in the first century B.C. : it is not until two centuries later that they are coming into vogue on the Rhine frontier. On Hadrian's Wall the known shrines all belong to the third century.

Mithraism was inculcated by initiation and revelation, not for divulgence outside the cult. To apprehend it in small degree demanded special tests of endurance, understanding and courage : to comprehend all meant passing through seven grades. The names of the different grades, Raven, Bridegroom, Soldier, Lion, Persian, Sun-Courier, Father, to mention those most widely and generally attested, give a hint of the complex ideas involved. The casual references to tests for terror, for endurance, or to rites of binding and loosing, of crowning and renunciation, and of sacred feasts partaken in mystical commemoration, indicate the complexity and rich symbolism of Mithraic ritual

expression. Actual prayers to Mithras which survive show the passionate fervour and the white heat of inspiration which they were intended to evoke. In the East the teaching was often, though not always, in the hands of special priests : in the West the general

rule was that the Father, or highest grade of initiate, handed on sacred teaching of the cult and acted as head of the group.

It cannot be supposed that there was everywhere strict uniformity of practice. But it is certain that women had no place in the orthodox cult, and that the rigour, austerity and intellectual demands of the

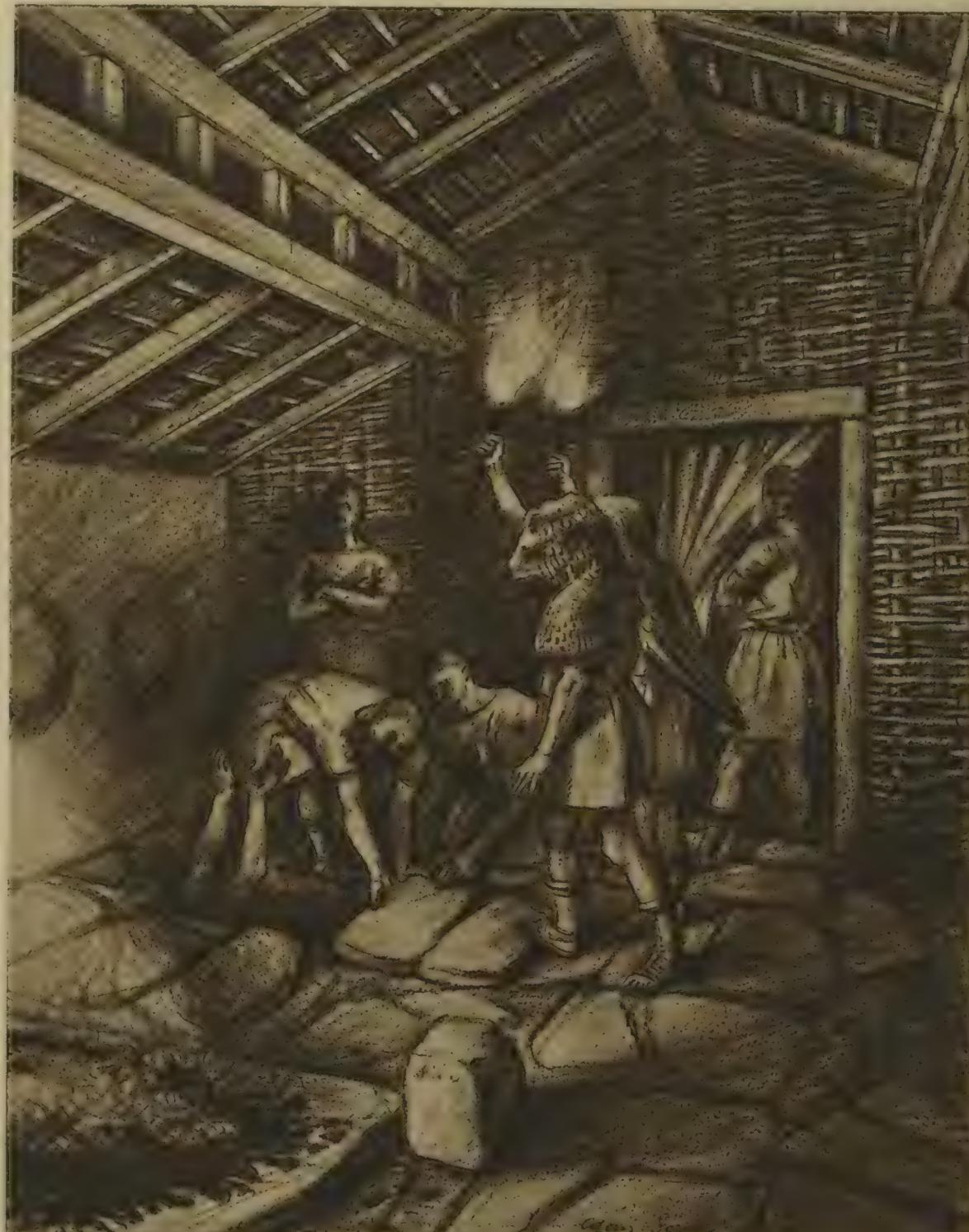
are difficult to understand in detail. The Carrawburgh temple was found in 1949 and fully excavated in 1950. It owes its remarkable state of preservation to being engulfed in the peat-bog that in late-Roman days choked the little valley of which it occupied the side.

The last phase of the temple belongs to the first quarter of the fourth century. When the building was deserted the bog encroached upon it, causing its walls to slide and collapse, while the area was being used as a rubbish dump for animal bones and refuse. But before this the temple had been desecrated. The main relief of Mithras had been taken out of the sanctuary, leaving only a single fragment behind. The statue of Cautopates had been broken off its base and removed, while that of Cautes had been beheaded and thrown down. Many shrines of Mithras were singled out for this kind of treatment during the fourth century by Christian zealots. But three altars in the sanctuary remained, which had been gathered there as treasured relics of the earlier local phases of the cult. All were dedications by former commandants of the adjacent fort, and two dated respectively to A.D. 205-211 and to A.D. 213-222. The third bears a half-length figure of Mithras, in the guise of the unconquered Sun-god, with charioteer's whip, scarlet cloak (the paint still remaining), and radiate crown, the rays being pierced for illumination by a lamp in a cavity behind them. This corresponds precisely to the liturgical description of Mithras as revealed to the initiated. These remarkable altars, standing almost in original position, were matched by miniature altars placed at the edge of the raised benches for worshippers which filled each aisle. The benches were of beaten clay faced with plaster on a wattle backing. The acid peat had almost totally destroyed the plaster but preserved the wood. The stumps of the uprights of the nave and one of the longitudinal beams which they had carried were also thus preserved, together with the uprights for a screen separating the main part of the temple from an anteroom. The temple can thus be restored as a long, low building, with anteroom, nave, aisles and niched sanctuary. There is no suggestion of windows, but the planning suggests a low clerestory, for ventilation rather than for light.

The ante-room of this period accommodated in one corner a little pedestal for the statue of a mother-goddess, at the foot of which stood a jar for offerings (illustrated in a photograph on page 455). The occurrence of a mother-goddess in a shrine of Mithras is rare, but not without parallel, and it is not without interest that in this exclusively male cult she does not enter the

sanctuary proper but is confined to the ante-room. In the previous stage of the temple's existence, however, the ante-room had contained another rare feature. A section of its floor of stone slabs formed the lid of an ordeal pit, a stone-lined, grave-like receptacle just big enough to contain a man. The pit lay in front of a large open hearth capable of developing much heat, so that the initiate, virtually buried alive in the damp, cold cavity, could be subjected to those alternations of heat and cold which Mithraic endurance tests prescribed.

No less remarkable were the remains of successive floor-coverings of heather and boarding, and the wattled revetments of the penultimate period were particularly fine.



SEALING AN INITIATE INTO A LIVING TOMB WHERE HE WAS SUBJECTED ALTERNATELY TO INTENSE HEAT AND COLD : A RECONSTRUCTION OF A SCENE IN THE CARRAWBURGH SHRINE, SHOWING A MITHRAIC RITE BEING CONDUCTED BY THE LIGHT OF FLARING TORCHES HELD BY LEO AND CORAX, MASKED INITIATES OF HIGHER GRADE.

The antechamber, or *narthex*, of the Carrawburgh Mithraeum was divided from the rest of the building by a screen of plaited hurdle and a hot fire often piled upon it. A few feet in front of the fire the stone slabs of the floor covered a long, coffin-like pit in which an initiate could be subjected to intense heat and cold. The moment depicted here is the consignment of an initiate to the pit, in which he lies with arms uplifted as the cover-slabs are being replaced. The *leo* and *corax* (lion and raven), masked initiates of higher grade, light the solemn scene with torches; another stands impassively by; a third emerges from the sanctuary. Once the ordeal began, the hearth would be piled high with fuel and the initiate in the damp, cold pit would be half-roasted and chilled for as long as the test of endurance lasted.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell and based on information supplied by Professor Ian A. Richmond.

worship kept its male membership not only small but select. Consonantly the individual groups were never large : a dozen might well be a fair average, and a score was on the large side as provincial groups went. This explains why the temples or shrines of Mithras are neither very common nor very large when they occur. On Hadrian's Wall two such temples are now known, at the forts of Housesteads (*Borovicium*) and Carrawburgh (*Procolitia*), the former a structure 42 ft. by 16 ft. internally, the latter 38 ft. by 15 ft. The Housesteads temple was discovered in 1822, examined afresh in 1898, and is not now visible. The building was much damaged, and while the relics from the shrine, now in the Blackgate Museum at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, are very remarkable, the structural remains

MITHRAIC WORSHIP IN BRITAIN: A SHRINE ON HADRIAN'S WALL.



CLEARED OF FALLEN DÉBRIS: THE SHRINE OF MITHRAS, SHOWING THE SIDE BENCHES OF CLAY BEGINNING TO EMERGE; THE RE-ERECTED STATUE OF CAUTES; AND A LINE OF PEGS MARKING THE SCREEN BETWEEN THE ANTE-ROOM AND THE MAIN CHAPEL.



THE ORDEAL PIT IN THE ANTE-ROOM, WITH ONE OF THE EXCAVATORS LYING IN THE POSITION OF THE INITIATE. THE COVER-SLABS HAVE BEEN REMOVED, EXCEPT FOR ONE AT THE FAR END. ON PAGE 454 WE REPRODUCE A RECONSTRUCTION OF AN INITIATION.



PROVIDED FOR SILENCE AND COMFORT: A PORTION OF THE HEATHER MATTING COVERING THE FLOOR OF PERIOD III., THE HEYDAY OF THE CULT.



THROWN DOWN AND BEHEADED: THE STATUE OF CAUTES, AN ATTENDANT DEITY OF MITHRAS.



FOUND IN ONE CORNER OF THE ANTE-ROOM WITH REMAINS OF A POT FOR OFFERINGS IN POSITION TO THE LEFT: THE STATUE OF A MOTHER-GODDESS.

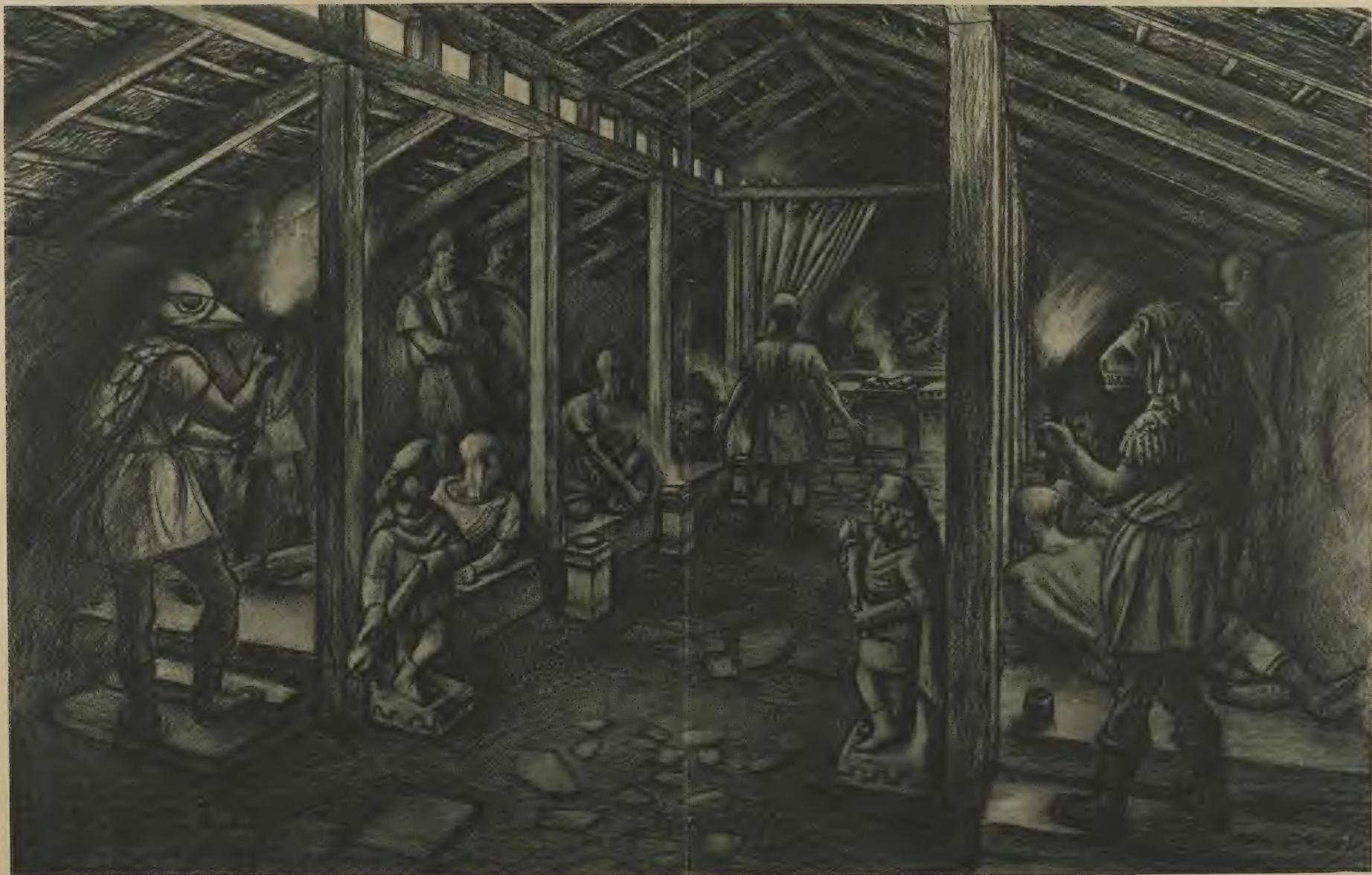


SHOWING THE WATTLED REVETTING OF A BENCH ON WHICH WORSHIPPERS RECLINED: A SECTION OF THE SITE.

In an article on page 454, Professor I. A. Richmond describes the recent discovery of a shrine of Mithras on Hadrian's Wall, and has assisted our artist, Alan Sorrell, in a pictorial reconstruction of initiation and invocation ceremonies associated with the cult. The shrine belongs to the early years of the third century and continued in existence until the early part of the fourth century, when it was desecrated and the statues of Cautopates and Cautes, attendant deities of Mithras, were deliberately destroyed or mutilated. In the earliest period of the shrine, it was small, and comprised an ante-room screened off from a nave with benches on either side. The building was later enlarged, with a bigger sanctuary and longer side-benches and the statues of Cautopates and Cautes were installed. In Period III, an ordeal pit was provided (see top right), and the floor of the nave was covered with heather for silence and comfort. Period IV is particularly interesting for its woodwork—much of which has been preserved, including the wattle revetting of the benches. In A.D. 296-7 this building was destroyed, but its stone furnishing was used again in the final building, which was found much as it was left by its destroyers.



THREE FINE ALTARS IN THE SANCTUARY: THE EARLIEST (RIGHT) BELONGS TO THE YEARS A.D. 205-211; THE CENTRAL ONE TO A.D. 213-222; AND THE LEFT-HAND ALTAR, BEARING A FINE RELIEF OF MITHRAS WITH RADIATE CROWN PIERCED FOR ILLUMINATION, IS LATER.



THE INVOCATION OF MITHRAS ON HADRIAN'S WALL: A CULT OF ASIATIC ORIGIN PRACTISED AMONG THE MILITARY IN ROMAN BRITAIN—A SECRET CEREMONY IN A RECENTLY DISCOVERED SHRINE.

On page 454 Professor Ian A. Richmond describes the recent discovery of a shrine of Mithras on Hadrian's Wall at Carrawburgh, and on page 455 we reproduce photographs of the site. Here we give a reconstruction of a scene in the shrine showing a gathering of worshippers of Mithras, whose followers were to be found largely among the military and merchant classes. The main

sanctuary comprised a nave and side aisle filled with raised divans or benches. It was dark and without windows, the few chesterets being intended for ventilation. At Carrawburgh the stumps of the main uprights and a fallen longitudinal beam from above were preserved in the bog. Each bench was furnished with altars and pedestals for offerings and the ends were guarded by

statues of Cautes and Cautopates, with torches raised and lowered respectively. These were the attendant deities of Mithras, doorkeepers and symbols of Light and Darkness or Life and Death. One of the statues had been destroyed, the other beheaded by those who finally desecrated the shrine. Beyond the nave and aisles lay the sanctuary, shown here unveiled with the

pater or highest initiate of the cult about to invoke the god. Some worshippers recline, while others stand awaiting their part in the ceremony. The *lupi* and *corax* (lions and ravens) are shown holding torches, a *miles* of the "soldier" grade stands in the background with his shield. In the distance can be seen the *rederos* with the usual scene of Mithras killing the bull.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell and based on information supplied by Professor Ian A. Richmond.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



OF all parlor plantsmen, cottagers are surely the best and most accomplished. I mean, of course, genuine roots-in-the-soil cottagers, not the bogus week-end variety. The flora of British cottage window-sills is interesting and highly educative. One can learn more about parlor plants in the windows of one small village than at a dozen Chelsea Shows. One can learn what plants are most suitable for window cultivation, and often one can find varieties of both zonal and regal pelargoniums which, but for cottagers, would have become lost to cultivation ages ago. The cottage-window gardener does not bother his head about fashions in plants, and is not interested in the latest new varieties, or in great rarity. What he chiefly values are growability and beauty. He likes, too, an occasional spot of comic relief—queer plants, like the Candle plant, the cactus that looks like a truss of monkeys' tails spilling down over the edge of the pot, the cobweb houseleek, or a really spiteful aloe. My friend John Nash once talked of writing and illustrating a book on cottage window-plants, and I sincerely hope that on a surge of inspiration he will be swept into activity in the matter before too long.

I think one of the secrets of the great success of cottagers with their window-plants is that they place them very close to the glass, so that they do not become "drawn" as they so often do when set back a little from the window in more roomy houses. The man in the street, the passer-by, gets a far better view of the flowers in a cottage window than does the owner inside. But this is not due to any altruism on his or her part. It simply is that it's the nature of flowers to grow and turn towards the light. But the owner inside has one advantage over the passer-by. He—or she—can see all that passes, all that happens in the street, without being seen. The barrage of fuchsias and geraniums is as effective as if the window were fitted with one-way-vision glass.

After fuchsias and zonal and regal pelargoniums, I think the Partridge-breasted Aloe, *Aloe variegata*, must be one of the most popular of all cottage window-plants, and is seldom seen anywhere else. It's a cheerful, sturdy plant, with its soldierly cockade of thick, fleshy, pointed leaves, handsomely banded in dark and pale green. My original specimen came from a cottage window. It lived in a pot for such ages that it developed a long, naked trunk which eventually

PARLOUR PLANTS-II.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Another parlor plant which is seldom seen anywhere than in cottage windows is the Scarborough lily, *Vallota purpurea*, though my own stock came from the shop window of a mortician, where I found it flowering with almost indecent gaiety among an array of marble head-stones. It is an easy bulb to grow, and is extremely handsome when, in late summer, it sends up its 18-in. stems, with heads of brilliant scarlet flowers like small Amaryllis.

in reasonably mild districts, and the ideal place to grow it would be a position resembling that Chilean cliff, in a cool wall garden, or any really steep part of the rock garden.

One of my handsomest and most successful parlor plants is a clivia. It was given to me five or six years ago as a rooted offset, without name. But it is one of the superior hybrid varieties, with extremely handsome trusses of rich, warm, orange flowers. It lives in a 9-in. pot, and spends its summers standing about in the open air. I water it copiously, and now and then give it a shot of manure water. In late September it comes into the house to spend the winter on a wide window-sill, where it looks very handsome with its fans of wide, dark-green, strap-shaped leaves, and then, towards the end of March, it produces its fine umbels of lily-like flowers on stout, 2-ft. stems. Nothing could be more accommodating and less trouble than my clivia, and nothing more rewarding than its regular annual flowering.

During the past ten months I have been experimenting with a parlor plant with—to me—surprising results. Nearly a year ago I treated myself to one of those greenhouse calceolarias with the huge bag-flowers, richly coloured and loudly spotted, the kind that the big seed firms show so superbly at Chelsea, and which you either adore or detest. I don't know which gives folk the greatest pleasure, praising and defending them, or reviling them in the grossest terms. It's always one thing or the other. Personally, I am a doting addict. I admire them as warmly as I coldly detest *schizanthus*. My last year's purchase lived and flowered for weeks and weeks, in a surprising way, for such a fragile-looking thing. In the end I cut down all the spent flower-stems, shifted it into a slightly larger pot, with a rather nourishing soil confection, and kept it all summer in a cold greenhouse. There it produced a running fire of small flowering growths, whilst its leaves waxed fat, and the plant developed six or seven crowns in place of the original one. It has spent the whole winter in the window of my study—facing west, and nothing could look more prosperous, or more promising for flowering in a month or two. We have on occasions done a good deal of mutual shivering, which my calceolaria, at any rate, seems to have enjoyed. Two things have surprised me about this performance. I hardly expected the plant to live healthily in a room all winter, and I had no idea that these calceolarias were perennial. Just because we usually buy them ready made, in flower, and throw them away when they have served their purpose, I at any rate had assumed that they were annuals. The truth seems to be that we rather brutally condemn them to an annual duration, just as we treat wallflowers as



THE BRILLIANT SCARBOROUGH LILY (*VALLOTA PURPUREA*): "MY OWN STOCK CAME FROM THE SHOP WINDOW OF A MORTICIAN, WHERE I FOUND IT FLOWERING WITH ALMOST INDECENT GAIETY AMONG AN ARRAY OF MARBLE HEAD-STONES." [Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.]

Campanula isophylla is another cottage window-plant. It is a cliff-dwelling species from Italy, and by nature is trailing in habit, with big, saucer-shaped, blue or white flowers. There is also a variety of *C. isophylla*, whose stems and leaves are silvery-grey with silvery down. Sometimes *isophylla* is allowed to trail down the sides of its pot, and occasionally one sees it spilling from a hanging pan or pot. All it asks is to be near the glass of a sunny window.

The Maiden's Wreath, *Francoa ramosa*, is a charming old plant that does well in a window. I say old because I have known it all my life, and seldom see it nowadays, and then almost solely in cottage windows. From a clump of broad, rather velvety leaves it throws up slender, arching, wiry stems, 2 or 3 ft. high, which are wreathed with pure white blossoms which look like some particularly attractive saxifrage. I met *Francoa ramosa* growing wild in Chile. It was in the southern lake district, and an Indian boatman was rowing me up a river inlet of the great lake at Pucon. I was plant-hunting, of course, but at the same time was after the monster trout of that district. I will not bother you with weights—and you wouldn't believe me, anyway. The water of the narrow inlet was deep and crystal clear. On one side were reed beds, and on the other a great cliff, richly clothed with ferns, and other dwarfish vegetation, fell sheer into the water. And there *Francoa* grew by the million, its long, slender, maiden wreaths of white blossom spraying out from the rock with the most perfect grace.

Francoa ramosa is reasonably hardy in this country, spilled down over the edge of the pot. The longer it grew, the less beautiful it became. It was like the cultivation of a longer and longer cigar-ash, and as with every cigar-ash, disaster came in the end. A man came to "do" a window, and in doing so he undid my aloe. I found it lying, torn from its root, on the window-sill. Soon, however, I rooted the top and had a more conventional and elegant specimen, which, incidentally, has given innumerable offsets, which have given pleasure to innumerable friends.



"THE HUGE BAG-FLOWERS, RICHLY COLOURED AND LOUDLY SPOTTED," OF THE GREENHOUSE CALCEOLARIA, "WHICH YOU EITHER ADORE OR DETEST." [Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.]

biennials, when by nature they are quite long-lived perennials, especially when their splendour falls on castle—or any other ancient—walls.

I recently told my friend Frank Jacob, of Witney, from whom I bought my calceolaria, about its surprising—to me—performance, and he was even more surprised than I have been. But I had best stop this crowing. Within the next weeks, and before it has time to flower, it may be consumed by a host of greenfly, or a man may arrive to "do" my study window, and undo my calceolaria.



THE COTTAGE WINDOW PLANT PAR EXCELLENCE: THE REGAL PELARGONIUM, HERE SHOWN IN A FINE AND TYPICAL VARIETY, "A. E. BLAKE AMOS." [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]



SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND COLUMNS OF SPRAY RISING FROM THE VICTORIA FALLS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AT LIVINGSTONE, NORTHERN RHODESIA BUILT ON A PLATEAU ABOVE THE SURROUNDING BUSH AND VISITED BY B.O.A.C. AIRCRAFT ON THEIR LONDON-JOHANNESBURG FLIGHTS.

(RIGHT.) WHERE THE WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI THUNDER OVER THE VICTORIA FALLS: A VIEW SHOWING THE HUGE COLUMN OF SPRAY WHICH CAN BE SEEN FOR MILES AROUND WHEN THE RIVER IS IN FLOOD.

THE international airport at Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, which was opened by Lord Pakenham, Minister of Civil Aviation, on August 12, last year, is built on a plateau standing 50 ft. above the surrounding bush country and is within sight of the columns of spray which rise above the Victoria Falls. The airport is now used by B.O.A.C. aircraft on the London-Johannesburg route and tourists who break their journey at Livingstone can go on one of the regular game flights and see some of the most famous herds of big game in Central Africa. The Victoria Falls occur where the Zambezi is 1,860 yards wide and the water falls in a solid sheet into a chasm some 350 ft. deep, where the pressure to which it is subjected causes the columns of spray to rise high above the Falls.



WHERE B.O.A.C. AIRLINERS LAND WITHIN SIGHT OF THE VICTORIA FALLS: THE NEW AIRPORT AT LIVINGSTONE.

THE ST. NAZaire RAID THROUGH GERMAN EYES: A BRITISH NAVAL AND COMMANDO ACHIEVEMENT OF WORLD WAR II. AS THE ENEMY SAW IT.

By HERBERT SOHLER, LL.D.

The author of this article is a former German naval officer who was from 1940 to 1944 commander of the 7th German Submarine Squadron, then stationed at St. Nazaire, and as such took part in the defence against the British raid of March 28, 1942. The 7th squadron comprised famous submarine commanders such as Prien, Endrass, Schepke and Kretschmer.

"WHAT are you going to do if the British go ashore at St. Nazaire?" the Commander-in-Chief of the German submarines (the then Vice-Admiral Doenitz) asked the squadron-leader when visiting the submarine base of St. Nazaire (La Baule) on March 27, 1942. The squadron-leader replied that he considered such an undertaking rather unlikely to be attempted on account of the bad water conditions in the mouth of the Loire, which only allowed an approach to be made from the strongly-armed northern side, but that, nevertheless, all necessary preparations to meet such an eventuality had been made, and the appropriate orders and regulations had been laid down in a so-called *Alarmordnung* (regulations in case of emergency). Only a few hours later, about 1 a.m. on March 28, 1942, after the Commander-in-Chief had returned to his H.Q. at Kerneval, near Lorient, the squadron-leader, who was at La Baule with the majority of his crews, was roused from his sleep by the telephone ringing. The news he heard from St. Nazaire seemed to have been devised by some grim practical joker who

(Continued opposite.)



(ABOVE.) A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE RAID FROM DETAILS GIVEN AT THE TIME BY AN EYE-WITNESS, MR. J. GORDON HOLMAN: A DRAWING BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, SHOWING THE CAMPBELL-TOWN WEDGED AGAINST THE LOCK GATES OF ST. NAZaire AND COMMANDOS STORMING ASHORE. THE ACCURACY OF THE DRAWING IS BORNE OUT BY THE GERMAN ACCOUNT ON THESE PAGES.

Continued. explosive charge with a time-fuse had been placed in the bow of *Campbeltown* to destroy the gate of the sluice in case it should resist the pressure of the destroyer, which was running against it at full speed. On the German side this possibility had been envisaged, but investigation had failed to reveal the charge. The result of this raid, which was carried out with extraordinary daring and without sparing men or material, was that the *Normandie* sluice was put out of action. This, however, did not affect the traffic in the port, since the northern sluice remained in a working condition. The British detachment had to pay for this achievement with the loss of all vessels engaged in the undertaking, except for a single landing-craft which, according to German information, was the only one to escape. Hitler was very satisfied with the results of the raid until he read in a neutral newspaper that the British Admiralty had attained its main objective, i.e., to destroy the *Normandie* sluice and to deprive the German

(LEFT.) SAVED BY GERMAN MARINES FROM THE WATERS OF THE LOIRE: BRITISH COMMANDOS OR ROYAL NAVAL PERSONNEL LYING ON THE DECK OF A SHIP. THE GERMAN ACCOUNT ON THIS PAGE REFERS TO THE EXTRAORDINARY DARING OF THE RAID.



Continued.

had listened to his recent conversation, for it announced: "Great numbers of British warships have entered the port of St. Nazaire and are landing troops." Before the squadron-leader could rush to St. Nazaire in his car to take over the defence of his submarine shelters, he sent on the report, as he had received it, to the Commander-in-Chief. Long after the events of March 28 the Commander-in-Chief used to remind the squadron-leader of this report, which had obviously greatly exaggerated the scale of the attack, by asking him in a joking way: "Well, has the British Battle Fleet entered St. Nazaire again?" In reality, the raid was carried out by only five vessels, the size of torpedo-boats, and fifteen smaller landing-craft, which, on account of their small draught, were able to enter the River Loire on the southern side of the estuary by passing over the sands with the flood-tide. In that very dark night their presence was not discovered until very late. In the meantime, the raiders had landed in St. Nazaire itself in a daring assault. They took the defences by surprise, succeeded in blowing-up the pump-station of the *Normandie* sluice, and fixed explosive charges with time fuses, to the more important port installations, such as sluice-gates, cranes and power stations, which were, however, all removed in time and placed where they could be rendered harmless. For, as soon as it had become evident that the raid was only directed against the port, the few German marine units (there were no Army units at that time at St. Nazaire) were concentrated against the port of St. Nazaire so that the last resistance could be broken down before dawn and the surviving raiders made prisoners. Fortunately, it was also possible to rescue a number of shipwrecked from the Loire and to bring them into the port. Those who were wounded were provisionally placed in a big room in the Navy Hospital at La Baule, though it was not intended to accommodate so large a number of wounded, and they were given first aid there. At daybreak in the port it was discovered that the destroyer *Campbeltown* had wedged herself with her bow on the outer gate of the *Normandie* sluice. A short time after the boat had been inspected by a group of high German officers and almost all the submarine commanders present in the port, she blew up with a terrific noise, crashing the gate of the sluice and burying nearly 100 German dock-workers and soldiers, but no officers. A powerful

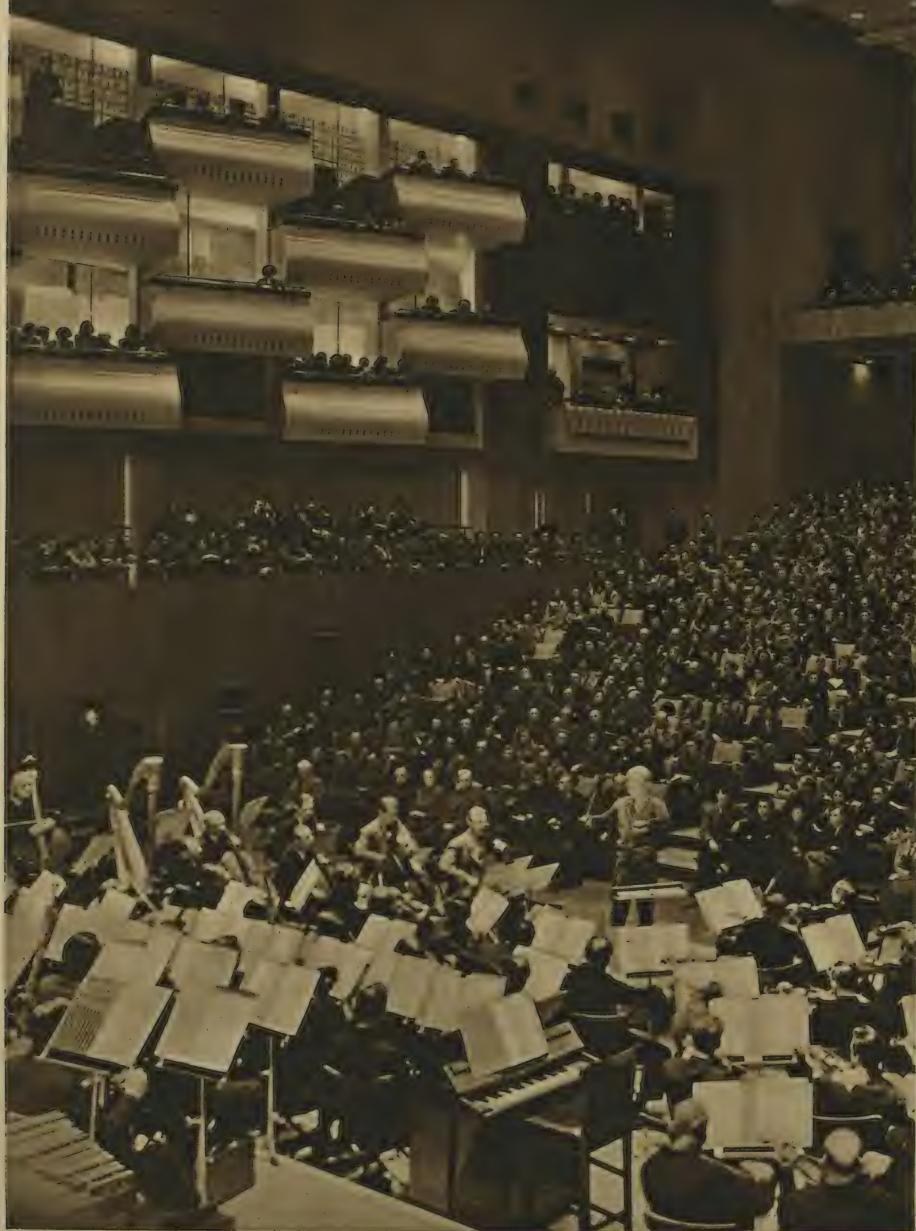
(Continued below, left centre.)

(ABOVE.) CONFIRMING THE REMARKABLE ACCURACY OF THE DRAWING OF THE ST. NAZaire RAID MADE BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU FROM DETAILS GIVEN BY MR. J. GORDON HOLMAN AND PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 11, 1942: A GERMAN PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME SCENE, WITH THE CAMPBELTOWN WEDGED AGAINST THE LOCK GATES JUST BEFORE SHE BLEW UP.

High Command of the Navy of the only possibility at their disposal on the Atlantic coast to dock the German battleship *Tirpitz* (the use of German battleships in the Atlantic as convoy raiders had not then been envisaged). Thereupon Hitler sent the Commander-in-Chief "West," Field Marshal von Rundstedt, to St. Nazaire to investigate then and there how the approach of the British detachment had been possible. As a result of these investigations, von Rundstedt stated that the number of German naval and air force troops available for reconnaissance purposes along the Atlantic coast was entirely inadequate, putting it in the words of a well-known German proverb, "Wo nichts ist, da hat auch der Kaiser sein Recht verloren" ("Where there is nothing even the Emperor has lost his rights.") This information was received by the author from Kapitan z. S. von Puttkammer, Hitler's former naval aide-de-camp. The photographs reproduced have not been published before in any country.



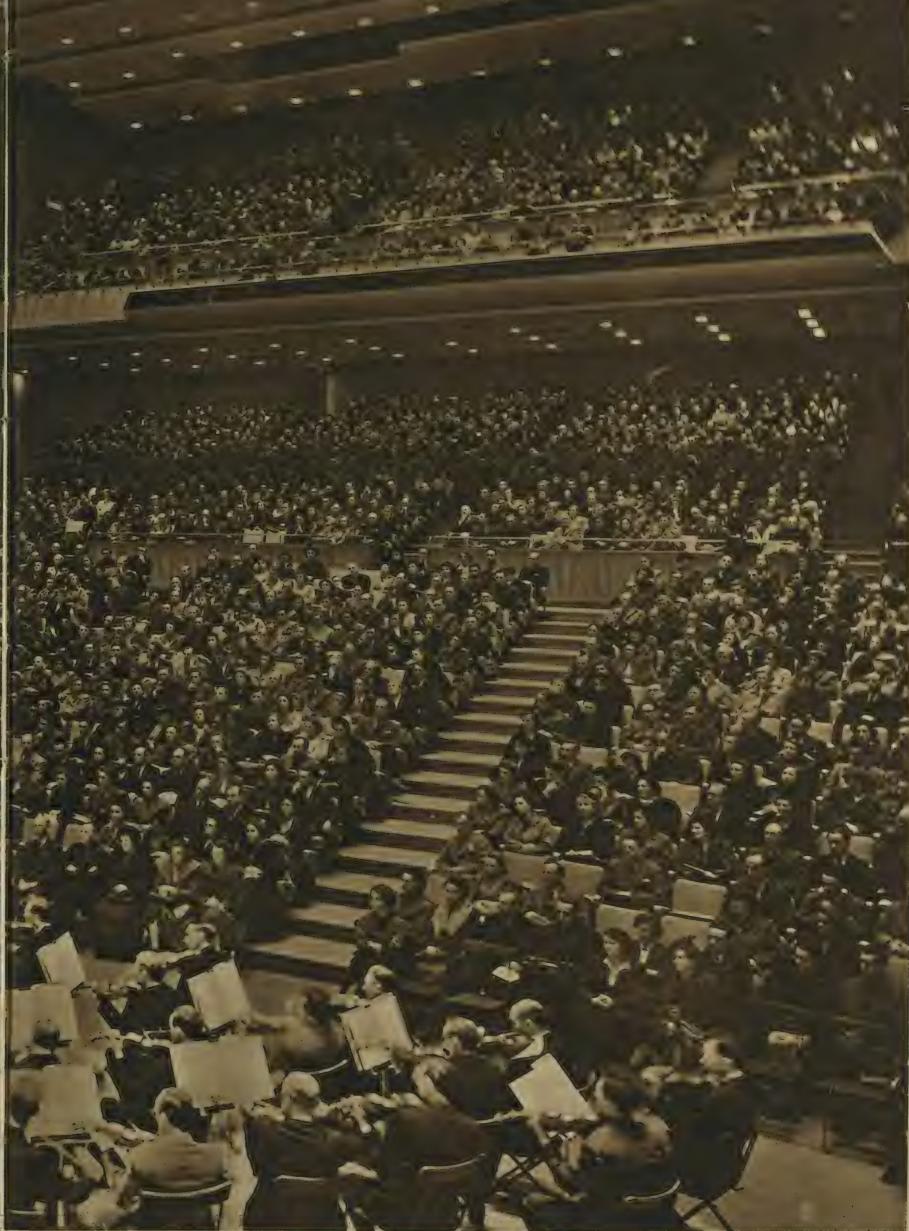
(RIGHT.) COMMANDOS AND NAVAL PERSONNEL AFTER CAPTURE BY THE GERMANS. THE RAID WAS CARRIED OUT BY MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN CAMPBELTOWN, WHICH CHARGED THE LOCK GATES, AND BY A COMMANDO WHICH FOLLOWED IN MOTOR LAUNCHES.



TESTING THE ACOUSTICS OF LONDON'S ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL ON THE SOUTH BANK: MR. BASIL

The Royal Festival Hall, which is to be opened on May 3 in the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen, will have acoustics as perfect as modern science can ensure. The second test, on March 14, arranged by the L.C.C. in conjunction with Mr. Hepe Bagnell, the acoustics consultant, proved the adjustments made after the initial test in February to be satisfactory, and at the time of writing, the results of the scientific measurements made were

awaited. A third test was arranged for March 18. The audience invited to these performances include musical critics, musicians and scientists, and the programmes are carefully selected. On March 14 the compositions given included Beethoven's "Leonora III," "Coriolan," and the third and fourth movements of the Pastoral Symphony, Debussy's "La Mer," and works by Elgar and Britten, while Ernest Lush played a pianoforte solo. Pistol shots



CAMERON CONDUCTING THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEFORE CRITICS AND SCIENTISTS.

were also fired; and no echoes were heard. Our photograph, taken from the choir stalls, shows Mr. Basil Cameron, the conductor, facing the camera. Some of the boxes, jutting from the wall like boats suspended in davits, may be seen on the left. The highly-polished wooden paneling on the left, by the steeply canted stalls, and a slab of green-streaked slate let into the floor between orchestra and audience are among the features which ensure

that members of the audience in the back seats enjoy as clear and as balanced a reception as those in the front rows. The quilted red leather which upholsters the back walls was also scientifically selected. The bottom of each chair is fitted with a perforated plastic cover, and when the seat is tipped up, it absorbs as much sound as if it were filled with a human body, thus avoiding the hollow ring of a half-empty hall.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE NAKED MOLE RAT OF EAST AFRICA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SO far as I can gather from their written accounts, the few Europeans that have seen the naked mole rat alive have expressed surprise at its extraordinary appearance, for it recalls nothing so much as a newly-born rat.

Rüppell, in 1842, first made the rat known to science and gave it the name of *Heterocephalus glaber*, which may be loosely translated as the smooth-skinned animal with the oddly-shaped head. It is not surprising, especially when we examine the beast, that zoologists, basing their opinions on Rüppell's description, thought he had before him a diseased or decrepit specimen. It was not until 1885, when Oldfield Thomas had another specimen to examine, that it was realised that the weird animal described by Rüppell was, in fact, normal.

It is found in East Africa, in Somaliland, and Kenya, wherever the ground is a soft loam. There it tunnels underground very much in the manner of our native mole, the tunnels running about a foot below the surface. At intervals the earth is thrown out with something of the same irregular arrangement of the surface mounds, sometimes serially, marking the line of a tunnel, sometimes in groups. There the resemblance ends, however, for the heaps of earth thrown up are crater-like and sometimes the groups they form are such that one writer has suggested that the rats form colonies of fifty to 100 individuals.

To call the heaps crater-like is appropriate to the usual description of the way they are made. Eye-witnesses agree that the loose earth is thrown straight

weak, being only half the length of the hind-legs. The head is large in proportion to the body and somewhat flattened above. E. Lort Phillips, in a letter to Oldfield Thomas, described the animal as a "... sort of Mole ... tail like that of a Hippo ... teeth like those of a Walrus." Why the teeth should be likened to those of a walrus is not easy to see: they are so rat-like. For the rest, the outstanding features are the loose, naked, somewhat wrinkled skin, with sparse hairs, the longest not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ in., found mainly

"hind-feet ... are especially adapted for throwing out the earth." The first of these statements is open to doubt, for it is surely more correct to say that all four feet are specially adapted for throwing out earth. Or, even if the fore-feet are not used for throwing out earth, they would appear to be used for holding it. Indeed, the fore-feet are probably the most unusual features in a most unusual animal. The toes are long and flexible, almost like human fingers in appearance, except for the claws, and they grade in length very much in the manner of our thumb and four fingers. On the underside of the wrist, moreover,

there are two prominent pads, looking at first sight like a pair of stumpy additional digits. If the toes be gently bent over, their tips tend to touch and engage these two fleshy pads. Add to this that each bears along either side a comb-like fringe of hairs, and it seems to me that the closed fore-feet of the naked mole rat form the perfect combined grab-and-basket tools, with a combined earth-carrying capacity greater than that of the mouth and, I would have thought, much less distasteful to the user. This is, however, pure conjecture, there being no direct observation to support or refute it. The only occasion on record when the animal was kept in captivity, in a box

of earth, little was seen of it, for it buried itself in the earth, coming up at night to feed on the apple and carrot provided.

The hind-feet also have the pair of accessory pads, though they are not so strongly developed, and each of the toes also has the marginal combs of hair.



"THE SMOOTH-SKINNED ANIMAL WITH THE ODDLY-SHAPED HEAD": A POSED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NAKED MOLE RAT (*HETEROCEPHALUS GLABER*), TAKEN IN KENYA BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY.

The position of the eye can be seen as an indistinct mark near the top of the head and half-way along—the opening to the ear is seen more distinctly farther back.

on the tail and legs, and on the head, as whiskers. Each foot has five toes, with moderately developed claws, each fringed on either side with hairs. The eye is a mere slit, the eyeball about $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch in diameter, and the lids are fleshy. The ear has a very small opening, with only the slightest suspicion of an external conch. The front end of the snout is somewhat flattened and ornamented with closely-set, minute folds of skin. The colour of the animal is a dirty yellow, though there is a certain amount of faintly dark pigmentation forming extensive patches over the back.

The naked mole rat, or naked sand rat—called *farumfer* by the Somalis—was first described by Rüppell in 1842. Since that time it has been seen but infrequently by Europeans. Indeed, Mr. Derek Peters tells me of the local tradition, that only natives can catch *farumfer*—which he disproved by catching the specimen illustrated here. Several accounts agree that the native method is to wait until the crater is in eruption—and the animal's tail is protruding as the hind-feet kick out the jets of sand—and then to thrust a spear into the heap of earth, so impaling the animal on its point. Mr. Peters has shown that such drastic treatment is not necessary to catch the beast, and so has Lieut.-Colonel Stockley, who photographed it in its habitat, probably for the first time. It is true, however, that fewer than one hundred specimens have found their way to the various museums throughout the world, of which sixteen are in the British Museum (Natural History).

Zoologically speaking, the naked mole rat has many interesting features. To begin with, it indicates the line along which our common mole must have proceeded in the course of ages. Most rats burrow to some extent, and the brown rat will make quite extensive tunnels underground, without being in any way specially adapted for this mode of life. The naked mole rat has, however, gone far ahead of this in achievement and has developed a mining habit that recalls strongly that of a mole. In addition, like the mole, it has lost its external ears and almost lost its eyes. There does not appear to be, therefore, a parallel evolution. There, however, the resemblance ceases. The methods of tunnelling used by the mole, an Insectivore, and the mole rat, a Rodent, differ quite a lot.

It is agreed, by the few observers in a position to have seen it, that the mole rat digs—rat-like—mainly with its teeth. E. Lort Phillips states that when the live animal is placed on the ground, it proceeds furiously, using its teeth, to loosen the earth. The most noticeable difference between a mole and a mole rat lies, however, in the legs and, more especially, the feet. Lönnberg, writing in 1912, remarks that the "fore-feet look very weak" and that the



WITH WELL-DEVELOPED GRASPING TOES FRINGED WITH HAIRS: ONE OF THE FORE FEET OF THE NAKED MOLE RAT. THE CLAWS CAN NOT BE SEEN IN THIS VIEW, BUT ONE OF THE ACCESSORY WRIST PADS IS VISIBLE AS A SLIGHT HUMP ON THE WRIST. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]



SHOWING THE TEETH TYPICAL OF THE ORDER RODENTIA, THE WRINKLED SKIN AND THE SPARSELY-SCATTERED HAIRS: THE UNDERSIDE OF THE HEAD OF THE NAKED MOLE RAT. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]

up from the opening so that it cascades all round to keep the heaps conical. In the process they recall miniature volcanoes. It has been suggested that the rat brings the loose earth to the opening of the crater with its mouth, then turns round and kicks it out with the hind-feet. A laborious process, one would have thought.

What of the animal itself? It is a mixture of mole and rat, with a number of individual peculiarities thrown in. The body and head measure together up to $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins., with the tail and the hind-legs about half this length. The front legs are comparatively

The toes do not, however, bend over to form the complete basket seen in the front feet. Undoubtedly, they would form useful scrapers and shovels. It has been suggested that the marginal hairs on the toes serve to give the animal a grip on the loose sand as it moves about. This may be a subsidiary function, but it seems probable that it is not their whole function.

There are other mole rats in Africa, but they have a normal coat of fur. Interesting though these be, they are overshadowed by their relatives, the naked rats, largely through the latter's hairless condition.

EASTER COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR:
A HILARIOUS PARTY AT THE ZOO.



HOPING THAT THERE IS MORE IN HIS EASTER EGG THAN MEETS THE EYE: COMPO SEARCHES DILIGENTLY, WHILE SO-SO, SALLY AND SUSAN LOOK ON.

(ABOVE.)
"IS IT ALL RIGHT INSIDE?"
SUSAN WATCHES SO-SO
EXAMINING HIS EGG, WHILE
SALLY PEERS OVER COMPO'S
SHOULDER AS HE UNTIES
THE RIBBON.

ALTHOUGH the famous chimpanzee's tea-party at the London Zoo cannot be held out of doors until the weather gets very much warmer—it is hoped to start it at Whitsun—the four young chimps, *Compo*, *So-So*, *Sally* and *Susan*, have a private tea-party in the monkey house every day. Keeper Smith, who takes care of them, lets them have their daily tea-party so that they continue it quite naturally in front of an audience during the summer months. The chimpanzees—although considerably bigger than last year they are still only about half-grown—can be seen in our photographs after they were presented with their Easter eggs. The proceedings opened with *So-So* tying a ribbon on his head to show it was no ordinary party; then the fun waxed fast and furious until finally it was decided even chimpanzees must wear bonnets for the Easter parade!

(RIGHT.) SHROVE TUESDAY OR EASTER SUNDAY? SALLY WITH A CRY OF JOY TOSSES HER EASTER EGG INTO THE AIR; HER COMPANIONS ARE STILL BUSY WITH THEIRS.



HURRAH FOR EASTER! THE FOUR YOUNG CHIMPANZEES AT THE LONDON ZOO SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION IN NO UNCERTAIN MANNER.



WEARING THEIR EASTER BONNETS WELL FORWARD AS DECREED BY PARIS: COMPO AND SO-SO ADOPT THE NEW FASHION, WHILE SALLY AND SUSAN DO A COMEDY TURN.



I WONDER how many of the thousands of English men and women who spent the best part of their lives in India during the past 200 years ever saw an Indian painting, and how many troubled to bring one—just one—home with them. The official view, I am told, used to be that there was no such thing as Indian art anyway, and one earnest pundit is recorded as having pontificated about a statue of the Buddha in these immortal and graceful phrases: "This senseless similitude in its immemorial fixed pose is nothing more than an uninspired brazen image, vacuously squinting down its nose to its thumbs and knees and toes. A boiled suet pudding would serve equally well as a symbol of passionless purity and serenity of soul." That was in 1910 at the Royal Society of Arts. Since then we have learnt one or two things.

It so happens that a week or so ago I found myself in a London gallery surrounded by many very competent modern paintings, and in the midst of two cocktail parties which were in operation simultaneously, and I hope that the lady who greeted me so charmingly as "Uncle George" will forgive me for not having issued an immediate denial—she seemed to want me to be Uncle George and I had not the heart to disappoint her. Now, I enjoyed all the pictures until I stood in front of one by Mr. Graham Sutherland at the top of the stairs



FIG. 1. "THE LOVER ARRIVES": AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAWING FROM BASOHLI STATE, ONE OF THE ROTHENSTEIN COLLECTION OF INDIAN PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS GENEROUSLY LENT FOR EXHIBITION FOR FOUR MONTHS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY LADY ROTHENSTEIN.

The collection of Indian Paintings and Drawings made by the late Sir William Rothenstein is now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. "The Lover Arrives," is a delightful example of an art which is wholly Indian in manner and feeling.

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things and an engaging colour symbolism as romantic in its way as that towards which so many modern painters are groping—and there was Graham Sutherland's hot tomato red used as a background to this and that scene of legendary passion.

Most people have seen at some time or another Persian miniatures, with their exquisite arabesques of flowers and landscapes, and those not less interesting offshoots of that wonderful tradition painted at the Mughal court in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of the latter betray the influence of India. Here, on the contrary, are wholly Indian with occasional echoes of the Mughal school, and once the visitor has accustomed himself to their conventions—the hieratic static pose, the liking for profiles, the poetic symbolism of the landscape backgrounds, the firm outlines—he begins to wonder what was amiss with our predecessors that they took so little pleasure in such things. A few Indian miniatures not without quality sometimes turn up in the sale rooms and change hands cheaply enough. In spite of general neglect, it is difficult to believe that no others exist in this country, and I am inclined to think that as a result of this exhibition many people who have had family connections with India will be looking through their attics and rummaging forgotten drawers, with eyes open to a fresh vision.

Sir William Rothenstein visited India for the first time in 1911 and remained faithful to the country and its people until the day of his death. This is no place in which to speak of his contribution to the belated appreciation of the



FIG. 2. "THE CAT AND THE PARROT," FROM PAHARI STATE, C. 1830: ONE OF THE SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN COLLECTION OF INDIAN PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.

Though this drawing is clearly reminiscent, the broad treatment of foliage and sky and the graceful figure are Indian. [Crown Copyright Reserved.]

—one of his strangely-moving monumental fantasies—the background of which was a violent tomato red—and from that moment the other paintings, pleasant and agreeable though they were, simply did not exist. Mr. Sutherland had the place to himself.

What on earth has this to do with eighteenth and nineteenth-century paintings from the hills of the Punjab? Not a lot, but these kind of visual excitements stay fixed in the memory. Chance took me the following afternoon to the Victoria and Albert Museum to see the new arrangement of the incomparable collection of Gothic and Renaissance sculpture, ceramics, embroideries and the rest—an array of

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FROM THE HILLS OF THE PUNJAB.

By FRANK DAVIS.

beautiful objects adequately spaced and nicely calculated to intoxicate the most bone-headed automaton—and there I learnt that the late Sir William Rothenstein's collection of Indian paintings and drawings was to be seen round the corner in the Indian section of the Museum. The change from the mental climate of Western Europe to that of the Punjab Hill States was noticeable but not violent; to be sure, there were no great masterpieces, but a naive acceptance of simple

Indian attitude to art in general; it is sufficient to say that he was one of the founders of the India Society, and as a result we no longer indulge in exercises in contemptuous denigration. It is a trifle impertinent, maybe, to attempt to convey the special quality of these miniatures without the use of colour. I must ask readers to use their imagination a little.

If you share my liking for sophisticated naivety; I would recommend certain drawings from Basohli,

of which Fig. 1 is a delightful example—the lover is very stately, the lady very welcoming, the attendant very coy, the empty coach very white, the background on the right very red, and the composition as nearly two-dimensional as makes no matter. This, and others of its kind, seem to me wholly Indian in manner and feeling, and I was a little surprised to discover that a style so apparently primitive flourished in these Punjab hills as late as the eighteenth century. The other two shown here have clearly closer associations with their Persian and Mughal prototypes, but even so their foreign language is, as it were, neatly translated. Fig. 2—The Cat and the Parrot—from Pahari and quite late, about 1830—is clearly reminiscent, but the broad treatment of foliage and sky and the graceful figure are Indian. In case the subject is not quite clear in the illustration, the lady is running after a cat which is carrying off her parrot—the creatures are silhouetted against the white wall in the centre. These simple tricks, by the way—careful arrangements by which outlines are emphasised against various contrasting backgrounds—seem to be part of the stock-in-trade of most of the artists—and very effective they are. Perhaps

Fig. 3—the nobleman examining the points of a horse by moonlight—is an extreme example. You know it is moonlight because there is a pretty crescent moon, and two of the attendants are holding torches. No attempt is made to paint moonlight or torchlight, but a white screen is held up against which the black horse can be seen both by the nobleman and by us—in short, everything is made charmingly easy for everybody.

If, by the way, you go on to point out that it is absurd to represent the grooms and servants as only about half the size of their master, I reply that it is merely sensible and logical; we are left in no doubt as to who is who. That convention, I venture to remind you, is as old as the hills, and not only in India. To quote only one example on our doorstep, when Holbein painted his picture of Henry VIII. presenting their charter to the Barber-Surgeons he painted a massive Henry enthroned and the predecessors of the British Medical Association as somewhat scared midgets kneeling humbly at his feet; you probably saw this at the recent Holbein Exhibition at Burlington House.



FIG. 3. "EXAMINING THE POINTS OF A HORSE BY MOONLIGHT": A DRAWING FROM PAHARI STATE, C. 1770, FROM THE SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN COLLECTION.

"You know it is moonlight because there is a pretty crescent moon, and two of the attendants are holding torches. No attempt is made to paint moonlight or torchlight..." writes Frank Davis of this drawing. [Crown Copyright Reserved.]

A RAILWAY DISASTER, AND OBJECTS OF ART AND INTEREST FROM MANY AGES.



(ABOVE.) A ROMAN TOMB OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.—ONE OF TWO RECENTLY DISCOVERED WITHIN THE THICKNESS OF A WALL.

During recent work in Rome by the Permolio Society in Portuense Street, two Roman tombs of the second century after Christ were discovered within the thickness of a wall. Both are richly decorated; one (shown above) with portraits, flowers, birds and vases, the other mainly with animals.



THE FLAG OF THE FIRST BOAT TO RACE ON THE CAM, A "FOUR" OF TRINITY, ORGANISED BY MR. C. F. R. BAYLEY IN 1825.

In 1825, the late Mr. C. F. R. Bayley, an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, organised a rowing "four," which later took part in the first racing on the Cam—against a St. John's "four." The flag carried by the Trinity boat was presented to Mr. Bayley, and has remained in the family ever since. The present representatives of the family however (writes the Rev. Mervyn Bayley) propose to entrust it to Trinity College.



(RIGHT.) THE RAILWAY DISASTER OF MARCH 16 IN WHICH AT LEAST FOURTEEN WERE KILLED; WRECKED COACHES OF THE 10.6 A.M. DONCASTER-LONDON EXPRESS, FROM THE BRIDGE PARAPET.

The 10.6 a.m. express from Doncaster to London on March 16 jumped the rails when passing under Balby Bridge. The third coach hit the bridge support and smashed against the stone parapet, the fourth was overturned and flung across the line and the next three toppled over. Doctors, police, firemen and ambulances were summoned and rescue work began. At the time of writing the casualty figures are given as 14 dead. Others were detained and treated in hospital and an unknown number were slightly hurt.



PRESENTED TO CANTERBURY BY AN AMERICAN "FRIEND OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL": AN ITALIAN SILVER CROSS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, SHOWING BOTH FACES—CHRIST CRUCIFIED, AND CHRIST ENTHRONED.

This fine Italian Processional, or Altar, Cross—18½ ins. high, 16 ins. wide—bears the hall-mark of the Italian town of Sulmona, and is dated about the middle of the fourteenth century. It has been recently presented to Canterbury Cathedral by a Friend of Canterbury Cathedral, Mr. Hollis Bush, of Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., and it is to be placed in St. Stephen's Chapel in the North Choir Aisle, which was recently furnished in memory of Archbishop Lord Lang, whose ashes rest beneath the altar.



PRESENTED TO CANTERBURY BY AN AMERICAN "FRIEND OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL": AN ITALIAN SILVER CROSS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, SHOWING BOTH FACES—CHRIST CRUCIFIED, AND CHRIST ENTHRONED.



A MODEL OF A THREE-SIDED, 22-FT. HIGH CRUCIFIX, WHICH IS TO STAND IN THE PEOPLE'S PARK, DUN LAOGHAIRE, NEAR DUBLIN.

This remarkable crucifix, whose three faces show "The Consolation," "The Desolation" and "The Triumph of the Church," is the work of an Irish sculptor, the late Andrew O'Connor. It was completed just before the war in bronze in Paris, and throughout the Occupation was hidden to save it from the Nazis.



ONE OF THE SERIES OF EXQUISITE MINIATURE ROOMS—A MARYLAND DINING-ROOM (c. 1770)—MADE BY MRS. JAMES WARD THORNE, AND PRESENTED BY HER TO THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO; WITH THE "CARETAKER" TO SHOW THE SCALE.

THE recent Exhibition of the British Furniture and Allied Trades adds a certain topical piquancy to this "exhibition" or, rather, epitome of the furniture of the past in its appropriate settings. The epitome nine months ago was at the Society of the Cincinnati, and the collection of the furniture is furnishable in a most remarkably accurate manner; and they form part of a group of sixty such which have been designed by Mrs. James Ward Thorne and presented by her to the Art Institute of Chicago. Many of the rooms in the collection are exact copies of known American originals, but a series of thirty European rooms, although often inspired by particular details, are for the most part imaginary re-creations of a particular period or set of circumstances.



A TUDOR GREAT HALL OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—A SYNTHESIS RATHER THAN A REPRODUCTION.



A JACOBEAN BEDROOM, LARGELY INSPIRED BY THE SPANGLE BEDROOM AT KNOLE.



THE LIVING-ROOM AND KITCHEN OF A MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF ABOUT 1675-1700.



AN ENGLISH "CHINESE CHIPPENDALE" BEDROOM OF ABOUT 1760-75. INSPIRED BY THE EXAMPLE IN THE V. AND A.



AN AMERICAN DRAWING-ROOM OF 1761—A REPLICA OF MOUNT PLEASANT, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.



AN ENGLISH SALON OF ABOUT 1770-80, LARGELY HEPPLEWHITE IN STYLE.



A FRENCH BATHROOM AND BOUDOIR OF THE DIRECTOIRE



PERIOD: FROM POMPEIAN DESIGNS BY BÉLANGER.



AN ENGLISH DRAWING-ROOM OF VICTORIAN PERIOD, BETWEEN 1840 AND 1870.

MINIATURE ROOMS OF EXQUISITE ACCURACY AND LILLIPUTIAN BEAUTY TO ENCHANT THE CONNOISSEUR

AND EVERY LOVER OF THE MINIUSCULE: PERIOD EXAMPLES FROM A FAMOUS CHICAGO COLLECTION.

The World of the Cinema.

SO COMPLEX AND SO SIMPLE.

By ALAN DENT.

ON an occasion a few years ago when I was lunching with the late James Bridie in the Glasgow Art Club, I suggested the suitability of his Burke-and-Hare play, "The Anatomist," for a film version. His only comment was: "Ach, films!" and it was uttered in a tone of such definite if amused contempt that the conversation at once took a totally different turn. (One has to know Lowland Scots to appreciate what



"IMMENSELY EXCITING NOT ONLY AS A CASE-STUDY BUT AS AN EXAMINATION INTO MASS-EXCITEMENT": "FOURTEEN HOURS" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING ROBERT COSICK (RICHARD BASEHART) ON THE LEDGE OF A FIFTEENTH-STOREY HOTEL WINDOW IN NEW YORK. HE HAS HESITATED BEFORE MAKING HIS SUICIDE JUMP AND IS OFFERED A CIGARETTE BY A CAJOLING POLICEMAN, DUNNIGAN (PAUL DOUGLAS).

an amount of aversion may be packed into that single guttural monosyllable. The English "ugh!" is expressive of a quite mild and commonplace nausea in comparison.)

Since then James Bridie is known to have half-accepted a Hollywood contract. But his stay in Hollywood must have been something like a record. Far from being a matter of months, it was a matter of hours. From all accounts I can gather, he was not in Hollywood long enough to unpack his luggage. He was certainly back in Scotland again within a week of his departure. And now that enchanting gnome of a man (and born playwright) has lamentably died in his early sixties, and we shall never know his opinion of the film they have made out of one of his most striking plays, "A Sleeping Clergyman."

The world of the cinema, having very little use for the quality of vague charm in a title, have renamed this "Flesh and Blood." The author may have seen harm in this, but I see very little. The story, after all, is one of heredity, and it travels through three generations. The plot was thus ingeniously summarised by James Agate when the play was first acted in 1933: "Because whisky-loving Charles Cameron the First did not propose marriage to any of his young women we were to suppose that the fruit of his union with Harriet Marshall could only be that little baggage Wilhelmina, who, deceiving her fiancé with a Scotch ghillie, must ineluctably give birth to male and female twins saved from being bad lots by a strain of something that we must now call moral blood. For this better strain we had to return upstream to the fact that Cameron the First was essentially more chemist than libertine, in the sense that Richard Wagner was musician first and monkey afterwards. Therefore, said

Mr. Bridie, Cameron the Second must be a hereditary chemical genius—and as such displayed him."

The wit of this epitome lies in the fact that it conveys the breathlessness of the play, a quality which is even more marked in the film-version. The events and the order of events are the same, the only notable difference being that those twins have in the film coalesced into a single boy. The critic quoted, and several other critics as well, took James Bridie to task for implying that intellectual and even moral strains were hereditary just as clearly as physical strains were. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me still, that Bridie being a distinguished doctor as well as a playwright probably gave much more study to the subject of heredity than any dramatic critic could have had time to do. His dislike of the species dramatic critic, was open and avowed, and he can never have disliked it more than in the instance of this play where we presumptuously must have seemed to be confuting the evidence of the playwright's own case-book!

Be these things as they may, there is a direct implication in "Flesh and Blood"—just as there undoubtedly was in "A Sleeping Clergyman"—that it takes two cases of illegitimacy occurring within two generations and an impulsive and hot-blooded murder and a suicide to produce—a genius in bacteriology. For Wilhelmina was born beyond the pale, and when she grew up she poured poison in her ghillie's glass of wine when he threatened to show her love-letters to her fiancé. But

had quite as much to do with the formation of his son's character—i.e., Charles Cameron the Second's—as the nature of Wilhelmina, his mother, which chiefly showed itself in general wantonness, one rash act of murder, and one deliberate act of suicide.

It would make a better film (and therefore a more provocative story) if the direction were much less jerky. Adroit cutting here and there would have begotten that smoothness which so spread-out a tale—if it is to make its point at all—urgently requires. Even so, the film will probably be appreciated by an intelligent minority because it has insistently behind it the fine rich mind of the original author, and it preserves a large amount of his fine rich dialogue, markedly improving on the average dialogue of the ordinary film. These same considerations will probably keep the unintelligent majority away!

To relish Joan Greenwood's performance of Wilhelmina one had better not have a native Scottish ear. The same observation has to be made about André Morell as the old doctor, and about Glynis Johns as the forthright young woman who came to marry Charles Cameron the Second—though both players strive to much better effect. Richard Todd, who plays both the Camerons, is vastly better in the matter of accent. One would, in fact, pay him the compliment of suspecting that he is a genuine Scot who therefore does not have to strive at all! But, accent apart, this is an expressive double performance, all the more striking in that it has to stand up to comparison—and manfully does so—with Robert Donat, who was in the play's original production and also in its revival only four years ago.

In "Fourteen Hours" a young man, unhappily in love and whose parents are divorced, steps on to the ledge of a fifteenth-storey hotel window in New York. And there he stays for the full length of the film, contemplating suicide. It lasts for a whole day and half an evening (the film, one hastens to add, lasts only ninety-two minutes). Richard Basehart as the suicide-meditator gives a brilliantly uneasy performance, and Paul Douglas as a cajoling policeman gives a brilliantly free-and-easy one. The film is immensely exciting not



"A FILM WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE APPRECIATED BY AN INTELLIGENT MINORITY BECAUSE IT HAS INSISTENTLY BEHIND IT THE FINE RICH MIND OF THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR": "FLESH AND BLOOD" (BRITISH LION), BASED ON ONE OF THE LATE JAMES BRIDIE'S MOST STRIKING PLAYS, "A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN"; A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING (L. TO R.) DR. MARSHALL (ANDRÉ MORELL), KATHERINE (GLYNIS JOHNS) AND DR. CAMERON (RICHARD TODD).

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only as a case-study but as an examination into mass-excitement. The young man's case seems blessedly simple after those Camerons and their complicated hereditary traits. But is the behaviour of the New York mob—and of the film-goer obliged by flawless direction to join that mob—so very simple? Do we want the young man to be rescued? Or is there in us a horrid something that wants him to jump to perdition?

A MISCELLANY OF CURRENT NEWS EVENTS: AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE GREAT GALE OF MARCH 14: RAILWAY COACHES OVERTURNED IN A SIDING ON THE ADMIRALTY PIER, DOVER, WHERE A GUST OF 74 M.P.H. WAS RECORDED.



DAMAGED AND OVERTURNED BY HEAVY SEAS WHIPPED UP BY A 70-M.P.H. GALE: WRECKED RAILWAY COACHES AT THE DOVER MARINE SIDING.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY UNVEILS A MEMORIAL TO OLD PAULINES WHO DIED IN WORLD WAR II.

On March 15 Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who is an Old Pauline, unveiled nine oak panels, on which are inscribed the names of 254 Old Paulines killed in World War II, in the chapel of St. Paul's School. The memorial was consecrated by the Bishop of Salisbury, and there was a service in the large hall. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery is seen in our photograph with the Head Master, Dr. R. L. James.



DESTROYED IN THE WAR AND NOW RECONSTRUCTED: A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEARLY COMPLETED HOUSE IN THE GROSSE HIRSCHGRABEN, AT FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN, IN WHICH GOETHE (1749-1832) WAS BORN.



DREDGED UP IN THE PLOETZENSEE LOCKS, IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN: A 6-FT. MAMMOTH'S TUSK, WHICH IS NOW IN THE WEST BERLIN PREHISTORIC MUSEUM FOR PRESERVATION.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST BUILDING CONSTRUCTED AS A PROFESSIONAL THEATRE-IN-THE-ROUND: THE "PLAYHOUSE" AT HOUSTON, TEXAS, U.S.A.

The circular room shown above is a theatre in which the audience sit round the stage, which is seen here set for a performance of the comedy "Candlelight." It is believed to be the first building in the world constructed for use as a professional theatre-in-the-round and is at Houston, Texas, U.S.A.



SOLD FOR £170 TO A PRIVATE BIDDER IN THE WEIGALL SALE AT ASCOT ON MARCH 15: A DEATH-MASK OF NAPOLEON MADE BY DR. ANTONMARCHI, HIS PHYSICIAN. Included in the Weigall sale at Ascot, conducted by Maple and Co., was this death-mask of Napoleon, which is claimed to be that made by Napoleon's physician, Dr. Antonmarchi, at St. Helena in 1821. Dr. Antonmarchi gave it to Lord Burghersh, who was living in Florence, and it passed to his grandson, Sir Archibald Weigall.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I SOMETIMES think that the idea of "promise" is a fond deceit, a critical mirage. Thrilled by some new, attractive writer, we assume that he will hatch out: that what confronts us is a talent in embryo. Whereas more probably it is definitive, and later books will be essentially the same thing—only without the bloom of novelty and hope. Then we may feel aggrieved; or we may start afresh, and make the best of things as they are.

For me, Elizabeth Taylor is a case in point. One can't say she has fallen off. "A Game of Hide and Seek" (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.) has all the grace of her début: it is light, sad, inflexible, distinguished—just the old qualities. But none are added, and it seems unlikely she will do more with them. When one looked forward to a "coming" writer, she had apparently arrived.

So one must settle down to the enjoyment of her minor gift, which in a minor way is so charming. This latest novel has the very thinnest of deferred plots. Vesey and Harriet have always known each other, and have always been outside life. Vesey has grown up bored and restless in an empty flat; his mother has no time for him, or treats him as a pet monkey. And Harriet, though loved and cherished, feels herself a come-down. Her mother was a suffragette, and went to gaol; and now this only child might be a lawyer, or an M.P. . . . Such was her dream—but the unlucky Harriet has no vocation, and she can't pass exams. Instead, she is reduced to doing odd jobs for Vesey's Aunt Caroline, her mother's comrade and other self. Thus the two lonely ones are thrown together, and at eighteen they fall in love. But it is too soon, for they are shy and gauche, and Vesey won't commit himself. At the behest of chance, he is content to vanish and let go entirely.

After long years, they meet again, and they are still in love; and it is, too late. Harriet has taken refuge with another man; she has a daughter, and a sense of obligation. Vesey has nothing but a wasted life. He has neglected everything—his friends, his body and his love. Their hearts, unworn by the demands of living, have remained fresh and young, while round about them it is autumn; they have no future.

This theme is like "Persuasion" in reverse. But as a novel it is patchwork: all odds and ends, glimpses of character and social background—anything to fill the time, and bring us to the real point, the thin and lovely elegiac strain. This has a frail, enchanting sadness, and the patches are of good quality. If they belonged, they would be excellent; but even wit and shrewdness have to add up.

Now we return to promise, or at least beginnings. "Tiger in the Garden," by Speed Lamkin (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), is the first novel of a young American. Its subject is the old South—defeated, rotting in a dream, and spellbound by its own past. Now that the world has changed, the Richardsons have no *raison d'être*. Their only gift is to be "grand," and it is not personal; without plantations, slavery and ease they can't go on. But they can try, and for a while the ancient glamour will abet them. Henry, a poor and fascinated cousin, has forborne to live, because he couldn't bear to lose sight of them. When he was young—when Caroline came out—they were patrician still; they gave an All-White dance, and Caroline was sought by a millionaire. Instead of which, she ran away with Jim Conway, who is not a gentleman. After this "horrible betrayal," Mrs. Richardson has no more to do with her—until the death of Mr. Richardson. But then she has to climb down, for Caroline is good at money, and the boys are not. They are young princes, charming and effete; the Conways toil for them, and Jim is treated like a hired man. Percy, a jealous and adoring brother, loathes him to nausea; and even Caroline, enslaved by passion, feels him an outsider.

But though not "grand," or caring to be grand, he can aspire to "bigness," on the new model. And big he presently becomes—in fact the local hero, bursting his environment, and seeking action on a wide scale. But this new-model bigness has its ups and downs. A spiteful devotee of "grandeur" wrecks him at the last moment; he flies the scene of his defeat, deserts his wife—and then returns to her when he has lost everything. Caroline saves him, and for ever after has the whip hand. Percy has killed himself; the handsome Byron is a dead loss; and Jim, though tamed and shabby in appearance, may be ripe for murder. Henry has seen it all, and seen modernity—fifth-rate modernity—efface all landmarks. It was for this that he declined to live.

But I have made it sound too plain: whereas it aims at subtlety and culture—rather too hard. But then the heat and dreariness, the savour of corruption, and the minor figures, and the whole fifth-rate scene have a peculiar quality of life. The author has begun indeed, though cultural awareness is a grave handicap.

"House of Strangers," by Lesley Wilson (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.), is a nice, cosy little book. Barbara, the new young secretary at Dean Manor, finds a lot to cope with. She has three masters: the charming Patrick, who engaged her, and his cousin Quentin, and his late brother's wife. All three have shares in the estate. Then there is Quentin's too-dramatic sister, and a mouselike child. Both these need rescuing in different ways, and Barbara is the girl to do it. Not without peril; for she is thrilled by Patrick, and he may respond—and that, to Althea, would be the last straw. Patrick is hers; she has been thwarted by her husband's will, and is prepared to wait for him, but not to stand competition. When goaded, she will stick at nothing, and is hardly sane. But in the darkest hour we know it will be all right. We can foresee the shape of things to come—a doubtful blessing in reality, but in romance a great source of comfort.

"Hunt With the Hounds," by M. G. Eberhart (Collins; 8s. 6d.), opens with death after a meet, and closes at a hunt ball. Jed Bailey has been charged with murdering his wife, because of Sue Poore. It is Sue's evidence which gets him off; it also compromises her good name, and leaves her as the sole suspect. When the true killer repeats himself, she is again accused; and his attempts to shoot her are dismissed as fairy-tales. Once more, the theme of stalking terror and distressed virtue: but this time from an expert hand. And with a neat surprise ahead—though in the whirl of action, detail hardly stands out.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GOTHIC.

THE Chapter of Seville in 1401 placed on record their resolution to "build so great a church to the Glory of God that those who come after us will think us mad even to have attempted it"—and nobly they succeeded in their aim. Mr. John Harvey, the leading authority on perpendicular architecture, quotes this in "The Gothic World" (Batsford; 30s.), and although he does not overstate the religious basis which illuminated mediæval Gothic architecture, and which sent the spires of the great cathedrals of the civilised world soaring heavenwards, he rightly accords it its proper place in the mediæval scheme of things. What he calls "this implacable determination to scale the skies" was due to an architectural attitude towards space which distinguishes Gothic from Greek architecture.

"For the vertical space of Gothic is not merely high; it is also jagged, leaping, like a flame. . . . With its fiery, upward leap, Gothic is a northern art. Its steep roofs, ritual in origin, threw off northern snow; its piercing outlines tell in an atmosphere where mass and colour are obscured; its pillared construction reflects the branching, deciduous forests where the timber builders worked." And who, having visited the great ecclesiastical buildings of this country, let alone those of France, Germany, Austria, and Northern Italy will fail to agree that "Northern Art had the mystery of the great forests behind it"?

Mr. Harvey's book is something more than an architectural treatise—though it is admirably all that. It is an excellent picture of the social life and civilisation of the unity which was mediæval Christendom. But then, as he points out, architecture was the supreme art of the Middle Ages, the expression of men's minds and of their way of life in a period when there was still one religion and when scholars from one end of Europe to the other could converse and exchange ideas in a common tongue. Not the least interesting part of the book is his examination of the journeys of the great architects and of the geographical distribution of the master-craftsmen's guilds and lodges from Britain to Greece and from Bergen, Stavanger and Reval to Ragusa and Chalkis. Not less interesting, too, are the personal economics of the great craftsmen. The chief masters received an overall fee covering the whole year and including Sundays and feast days. But the craftsman was not so lucky, only being paid for work done, and covering his periods of unemployment with farming or some other by-pursuit. Still, the mason, carpenter, plumber, or artisan didn't do too badly—averaging £500 a year in our money throughout the whole of the Gothic age. The master-craftsmen of course did better—ranging from the £1065 of Ailnoth, Henry II.'s engineer, to the handsome £5475 of the great military engineer James of St. George. Before the war, the distinguished mediæval scholar, Dr. Coulton, used to take a multiplier of 40 in order to get a modern equivalent of mediæval money values. Mr. Harvey—wiser than the compilers of "cost-of-living" indices—concludes that the fall in the value of money since 1939 is such that money values of the Gothic age must be multiplied by 100 in order to get a 1951 value. The mass of interesting detail apart, it is the broad sweep of this fine book, with its magnificent illustrations of a theme which ranges from Barcelona to Bergen and from Salisbury to Krak-des-Chevaliers, which make it one to be treasured.

"The hounds of spring" may indeed be "on winter's traces"—though to this critic sourly eyeing the peculiarly grey quality of yet another wet March day, the animals appear to be most strictly on the lead. "Winter in London," by Ivor Brown (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is, in spite of the limiting nature of its title a book which can and will be enjoyed all the year round. Indeed, I can imagine no better foil for a rare English summer day (or even, as is more likely, a fine old English Whitsun—with snow, plum-pudding, and holly, and the log fires blazing) than this charming book of essays. Mr. Ivor Brown is, alas! now that Robert Lynd is dead, almost unique. Where are the other essayists to-day? Gone with the wind and the paper restrictions. Happily, however, he continues Protean in his versatility and a veritable Edgar Wallace in his output—and luckily with a paper (which also finds space for the quite admirable Mr. Paul Jennings) in which to print his writing. So this pleasant assembly of gems strung on the string which is London in her winter mood carries the reader from Marx's grave to the misty mysteries of the last few minutes of the University Rugger match, and from the old horse buses in "Toracorra" (a childhood-remembered portmanteau word for "Tottenham Court Road") to the highways and byways of the city and her literature.

When, if ever, we are overwhelmed by Mr. Alexander Clifford's "mass-produced man," of which I wrote last week, I think we shall look back on Mr. Brown as the last of the essayists—and possibly the last liberal cultivated literary man. Meanwhile—*floreat!*

It is a tragedy that the last war which evoked so much individual heroism and initiative should have seen such a step forward in the extinguishing of the individual personality. "Wavy Navy," by some who have served, with a Foreword by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), is a reminder of just how lively and versatile the men and women of our race can be—particularly when confronted with their natural element, the sea. This series of personal experiences, compact of tragedy and comedy, is a fine memorial to the little ships in which the majority of the writers served, and to the crews who manned them.

A pleasant travel book at a time when it is now almost too late to book accommodation on any form of transport to the Continent this summer, is "The Lovely Land," by S. F. A. Coles (Chapman and Hall; 18s.), a pleasantly discursive and equally pleasantly illustrated description of the author's travels in Sweden.

Those, however, who see no chance of leaving these shores, could do worse than follow in the steps of that leading authority on Gaelic matters, Mr. Alasdair Alpin Macgregor, in "The Buried Barony" (Hale; 12s. 6d.), a most interesting account of some of the byways of Scottish history, including the origin of the Culbin Sands (from which the book takes its title), ancient and modern treasure-hunting in Tobermory Bay, and Stevenson-up-to-date in the chapter headed: "Who shot the Red Fox?"

E. D. O'BRIEN.

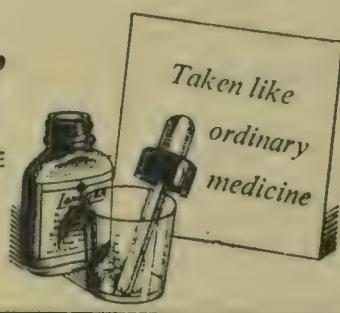
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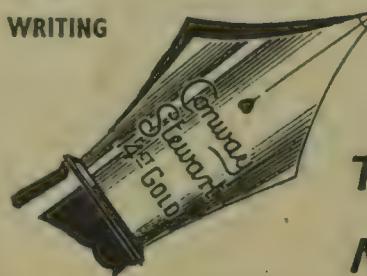
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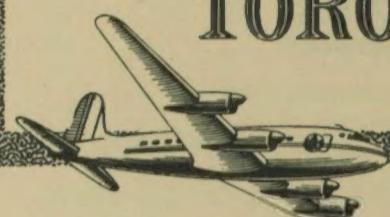


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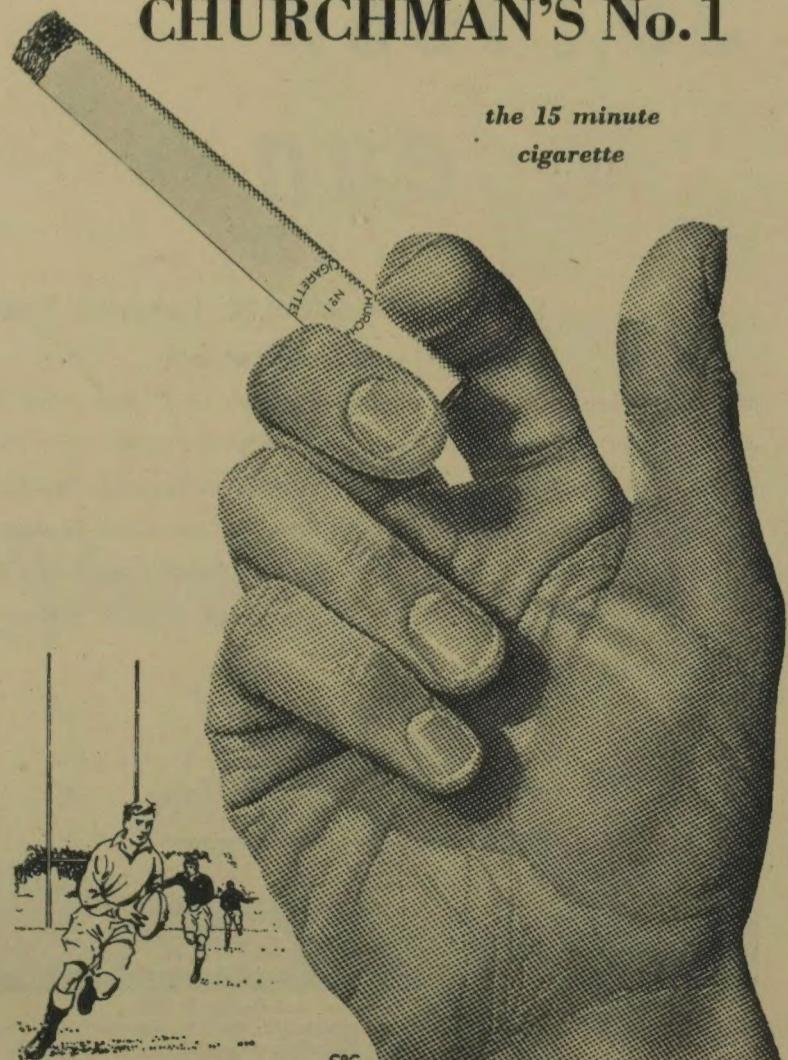
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